

THE LIVING AGE.

EIGHTH SERIES }
VOL. II }

No. 3745 April 15, 1916

{ FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXXIX }

CONTENTS

I. The Papen Papers	NATIONAL REVIEW	131
II. The Finances of the Belligerents. <i>By J. M. Kennedy</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	143
III. Barbara Lynn. Chapter XVIII. <i>By the Cresset's Light. By Emily Jenkinson</i> (To be continued)		152
IV. The Broken Men of France. <i>By the Comtesse de Courson</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	157
V. Thackeray on the Humorist as Hero. <i>By F. S. Boas</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	164
VI. The Boar's Foot. Chapter I. <i>By Mrs. Brian Luck.</i> (To be continued)	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	170
VII. The American Point of View Again	SATURDAY REVIEW	175
VIII. The Italian Front: In the Trenches. <i>By Herbert Vivian</i>	NEW WITNESS	177
IX. Fast Colors	NATION	179
X. President Wilson's Defense	TIMES	181
XI. The Sailors and Soldiers of Dickens. <i>By Edwin Pugh</i>	DICKENSIAN	182
XII. German Poets and the War. <i>By Alec W. G. Randall</i>	NEW STATESMAN	187
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XIII. No Open Vision		130
XIV. "Quando Veniret Vermeum." <i>By Margaret Sackville</i>		130
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		190



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

NO OPEN VISION.

(Lamentations 2:9.)

No more through cloven sky
Do God's swift angels fly
Upon their embassies divine.
Closed are the Heavenly gates;
On him who longs and waits,
No flashes from that glory shine.

No open visions now
The hearts of prophets bow,
And smite their eyes with seven-fold day;
No voice of rugged seer
Proclaims Jehovah near,
And halts the nations on their way.

The world is well content
With its own banishment;
Sinai and Pisgah, mounts of God,
Are legendary names;
Quenched are the ancient flames
At sight of which men walked unshod.

And yet, thank God, and yet,
Through all life's toil and fret,
God makes His healing presence known.
Unseen, unguessed, He stands
Wherever outstretched hands
Implore Him to draw nigh His own.

The soul with ears to hear
Shall know that He is near,
Shall hear the coming of His feet;
The soul with eyes to see
Shall know that it is He,
And find the knowledge sure and sweet.

"QUANDO VENIRET VERMEUM."

Now over the brown hill
Spring rises like a star,
And scatters with glad will
Her treasure near and far,
And Earth, Spring's pensioner,
Joins lightly in a maze of dances,
Since the cold, long-sleeping blood of her
Has turned to wine beneath the Sun's
kind glances:—

Oh! festal, royal Sun
Of Spring's nativity,
Hast thou of all thy robes of joy not one
For me, for me?

I have waited over long
In many a shadowed place,
For (ah!) once heard—a song,
And (ah!) once seen—a face;
Once in a dream, but swift
Night's river chill and gray
Carried both in a drift
Of drowning dreams away:—
Outward, onward borne
On that chill, hurrying stream
Until far off in the leaping sea of morn
I lost my dream.

My Spring, my Dream, most rare!
When shall I find thee, when?
This spring is not so fair
She is for all men.—
This spring goes with the wind,
She is young, she is glad,
Sweet but of common-kind,
Mine moves like a Queen clad;
Not in any secret way
Shall ye find her or know
In what soft paths of fallen flowers
today
Her white feet go.

I am so sick for her
Who wait till she shall pass,
In shining robes like lily-leaves astir,
Or twilight on the grass.
Her hands are cool like deep
Waters on a summer's eve;
In her eyes, innocent as sleep,
No memories awake or grieve.—
I have searched the house of Day, the
house of Night,
And found no place at all where she
might be:—
When shall my Spring come, when shall
my Delight
Come, come to me?

Margaret Sackville.

THE PAPEN PAPERS.

From time to time one is encouraged to believe that the German Superman seems cleverer than he actually is, and that the British Underdog is less of a fool than he seems. Indeed we could scarcely be so insane and idiotic as British Governments would make us out to be. There must be some explanation of our world-wide reputation for Machiavellism, which can hardly repose on the public utterances of Lord Lansdowne or Lord Crewe in the House of Lords, or those of our Foreign Minister in the House of Commons. It is possibly attributable to the pungent contrast between the guileless attitude of simple-minded statesmen who would not hurt a fly, and the sharp and effective action of British subordinate officials of all Departments operating beyond the purview of the Deadheads of Downing Street, who have proved over and over again that when they get a free hand they can be as keen and capable as our Parliamentarians are the reverse.

We have to pretend that all Germans are very wonderful, otherwise we should never get anything done—and moreover, the German Government qua Government is ten times more efficient than the British Government because it is manned by men of action instead of by men of words—and as the Germans pretend the same a fictitious legend is propagated concerning German capacity. As a matter of fact, wherever and whenever he is given a fighting chance the Briton is man for man incomparably better than his enemy—the British sailor than the German sailor, the British soldier than the German soldier, the British official than the German official—even our despised and much abused diplomats than German diplomats, tied though the former be to one end of a wire with Lord Haldane at the other. The British journal-

ist is certainly superior to the German journalist, as we learn every day from such performances as those of "The Man who dined with the Kaiser." The *Lokal Anzeiger* could not arrange for any member of its staff to dine with the King at Buckingham Palace or during any of His Majesty's visits to the Front in France!

If we could only scrap our politicians, who are useless except for speech-making, which in itself is useless in war, all would be well with our cause. We are reminded afresh of the smartness of British agents by a series of events in the United States, of which no very clear account has yet been published in this country, including the clever seizure of the paper of a notorious German agent named Albert, upon whom an ingenious trick was played some months ago in the Elevated Railway of New York, which caused him to look the other way while his bag was being appropriated. Subsequently came the equally clever capture of the compromising documents found on an American journalist named Archibald at Falmouth last August, which afforded conclusive evidence of the dangerous machinations of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Washington, Dr. Dumba, which ultimately led to the latter's recall. The German Embassy was equally implicated through the person of its Military Attaché, a certain Captain von Papen, who under cover of his diplomatic position in Washington has divided his time between trying to buy munitions for Germany and organizing outrages against the United States by explosions and otherwise.

Owing to "The German Vote," which has of late years been welded into a formidable political factor under the auspices of the German Embassy in Washington, the American Government

was painfully anxious to confine the controversy to Austro-Hungarian channels, there being no "Austro-Hungarian Vote" to speak of, but encouraged by his prolonged immunity, Captain von Papen, with his precious colleague Captain Boy-Ed, German Naval Attaché, went to such outrageous lengths as anarchist and incendiary that it became impossible to wink at their performances any longer, and ultimately the American Government was compelled to suggest their recall, in which Germany reluctantly acquiesced. The Mailed Fist had the humiliation of being constrained to beg Washington to ask the Allies to afford "safe conducts" to von Papen and Boy-Ed, for their return to the Fatherland. In announcing this favor (December 15, 1915) the American Secretary of State, Mr. Robert Lansing, wrote Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador: "It is also understood that they will, of course, perform no unneutral act such as carrying dispatches to the German Government, etc." Needless to say, German diplomats, who are bound by no obligations, ignored this request, stupidly forgetting that the "safe conduct" for their persons did not cover illicit documents, with the result that our exceedingly well-informed Intelligence Department, which deserves the utmost credit for this feat, took possession of Captain von Papen's papers on his arrival at Falmouth on January 2, 1916. From these a selection has been published in a White Paper and presented to Parliament, from which we make copious extracts which throw a flood of light on German propaganda in the United States and incidentally contain information upon German problems and difficulties not to be found elsewhere. While the officials responsible for this coup are to be warmly congratulated on their performance, one cannot help regretting that the editing of the Papen papers should have

been in the hands of the anæmic sentimentalists of the Foreign Office, in whose eyes British interests invariably occupy a subordinate position to foreign susceptibilities, whether neutral or hostile. As a consequence this White Paper is full of asterisks signifying omissions. Who is responsible for these omissions? Are they inspired by a proper discretion or by a desire to protect personages and interests not entitled to protection?

It is unnecessary to emphasize the salient points which, so to speak, strike one in the face. The operations of "German attachés" enjoying diplomatic privilege will be no surprise to students of German methods. Nor have we any right nowadays to affect astonishment at the vagaries of the Washington Government. Otherwise one could hardly repress one's amazement at the continuance of Count Bernstorff in Washington in the face of Annex 1 and Annex 2, which show that though Papen may have organized the chief outrages, Bernstorff was always behind Papen. He paid the piper and presumably called the tune. Every German wants value for his money, and we may be quite sure that Bernstorff exacted "strict accountability" from his subordinate for the dollars disbursed from the Embassy Exchequer. The reader will gather from the "Table showing sums paid into Captain von Papen's account" in Annex 2 that the German Military Attaché received from Count Bernstorff salary and expenses at the rate of \$583.10 per month, say £116. There were besides large lump sums paid in at irregular dates, clearly for special objects. Thus, on November 25, 1914, the German Embassy paid \$2000 into von Papen's account, which was about the time that large payments were being made by Papen to Herr von Wedell, who was implicated in the forgery of passports in the United States and subsequently left New York

with money provided by Papen. It is difficult to believe that Count Bernstorff would have been innocent of the purpose for which this money was used. Then from Annex 2 it will be seen that on January 15, 1915, the well-known New York firm of G. Amsinck and Co., which is alleged to have British connections and which seems to have acted as regular financial agent for von Papen, paid \$700 to Horn, who is believed to be the man who tried to blow up the Vanceboro' Bridge. Were Messrs. Amsinck and Co. aware of the purpose for which this money was being used, as they must have heard of the attempt shortly after its occurrence on February 2? It is suggestive that three days before this payment to Horn by Messrs. Amsinck and Co. the German Embassy paid \$2000 into Captain von Papen's account, and three days after the attempt to blow up the Vanceboro' Bridge Count Bernstorff paid \$2000 into the same account. Again on May 11, 1915, Captain von Papen paid \$500 to the German Consulate at Seattle for Schulenburg. A dynamite explosion took place in Seattle Harbor on May 30, 1915. Is not this another case of cause and effect, and may not the \$3600 paid into von Papen's account by the "Embassy" on March 25 have had a reference to this interesting episode?

We make no complaint—it is not our business: if the Americans like to have their harbors and bridges blown up by Bernstorff and Papen we don't mind, though we cannot help wondering what would have happened had the parts been transposed and a British Military Attaché had been convicted of the things brought home to von Papen and a British Ambassador suspected of those of which Bernstorff is rightly suspected. The British Government would have received an ultimatum from "Too Proud to Fight"

within forty-eight hours—but then there is no "British Vote" in the United States.

No. 1.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER FROM R.
VON WILD TO CAPTAIN VON PAPEN,
WASHINGTON.

Ministry of War.
No. 536-14 g. A. 1.
Secret.

5 Leipziger Strasse,
Berlin, W. 66,
March 12, 1914.

According to newspaper reports, several railway trains were blown up by revolutionaries during the troubles in Mexico.

In order to form an opinion whether, in the event of a European war, explosions of this kind would have to be reckoned with, it is requested that, if possible, information should be obtained as to how these attacks have been carried out. Were mines and explosives placed on lines which were little guarded or were the attacks carried out from the train by igniting a charge of dynamite, or by the employment of infernal machines?

By Order,

R. VON WILD.

To Herr von Papen

Royal Prussian Captain on the
General Staff of the Army, Military
Attaché at the Imperial German
Embassy at Washington.
(Through the Foreign Office.)

This significant inquiry at a peculiarly interesting moment (because] March, 1914, is the month in which the German Government is believed to have finally made up its mind on war the following summer and was putting the finishing touches on its preparations) was not answered for some months owing to the absence of Captain Papen in Mexico, as may be gathered from his reply (No. 5 in the White Paper).

TRANSLATION OF LETTER FROM CAP-
TAIN VON PAPEN TO THE WAR
OFFICE.

Military Attaché,
J. No. 69
Secret.

Mexico, July 29, 1914.

Subject-matter Blowing up of the
Railway.

I received only yesterday the communication of the 12th March (J. No. 536-149 (*sic.*) A. 1). I am convinced from personal evidence that all the recent cases of destruction of railway lines by explosion were brought about by burying dynamite under the line itself and then igniting it by an electric current as soon as the train has reached the appointed place.

I consider it out of the question that explosions prepared in this way would have to be reckoned with in any European war. They are only possible on lines that are ill-guarded, which, as in this country, often pass for miles through revolutionary districts, and have no protection other than a pilot train in front of the passenger train.

The mountainous nature of the country and the highly artistic way in which the lines are laid (*knustvolle Tracierung*) greatly favor these attacks.

Infernal machines so far as I know have never been employed.

PAPEN.

To the War Office.

No. 2 of the White Paper is the translation of an extract from a letter from Captain Boy-Ed, German Naval Attaché in Washington, to his fellow-conspirator.

German Embassy, Washington, D.C.

Captain von Papen,
Military Attaché (at present
in Mexico).

Washington, May 25, 1914.

Dear Papen,—Best thanks for your friendly and instructive letter of the 11th of May.

Your arguments made a great impression, not only on Count Bernstorff, but also on the Austrian Ambassador

(Dumba). At Bernstorff's suggestion your letter was confidentially communicated to the latter. In his reply Dumba said that your letter was remarkable for its terseness and lucidity.

For my part, I was especially pleased by what you wrote about Huerta, the only strong man in Mexico. In my opinion, Admiral von Hintze (German admiral in Mexico) was not quite right in his estimate of him, for Huerta can scarcely be such a drunken ruffian as Hintze so often implies, if only because a chronic drunkard could hardly have kept so uncertain a position under such uncommonly difficult circumstances. I met a number of people in Mexico City who were in close touch with Huerta, and without exception they all spoke very highly of the President's patriotism, capacity and energy.

I likewise do not share the views of our worthy admiral about the timeliness or the possibility of international intervention in Mexico.

Yours,
Boy-Ed.

Next we have an extract from a letter from the Postdam branch of the Disconto Gesellschaft, a leading German bank which also honors London with a branch which is at the present time actually, we believe, run by Germans though nominally under British supervision. The envelope of this communication, which is signed "R. Mimmel," is addressed to "S. H. Herrn Hauptmann von Papen, Military Attaché, German Consulate, Vera Cruz, via Galveston Torpedo Mail Service."

Potsdam, July 25, 1914.

Latterly the Bourses have been entirely under the influence of unfavorable political news. At one time it was rumored that Austria had mobilized two army corps and was to advance in company with Italy into Albania; at another time it was maintained that Austria was going to adopt a severer tone towards Serbia. Moreover there were constant rumors that Russia was again making efforts to come to an agreement with England providing for

extensive support in the event of a war with Germany.

The horrible assassination of the heir of the Austrian throne and his Consort has suddenly given the European Bourses fresh proof that new difficulties and differences are constantly cropping up in the Balkans which must be adjusted before things can settle down again.

... Austria has sent Serbia an ultimatum, which Serbia has not accepted. Consequently relations have become still more strained, and most probably Austria will declare war. . . . (Added by hand.) *We have never before seen such preparations for war as are being made at present* (our italics—the date of this testimony concerning the action of Germany being singularly suggestive). German Government Stocks fell today 1 per cent.

A report from Rear-Admiral von Hintze to the Imperial Chancellor, dated Mexico, July 21, 1914, pays a glowing tribute to Captain von Papen, accompanied by this recommendation:

Herr von Papen leaves on the 30th July for Washington. I should be guilty of an omission if I did not mention him with commendation to Your Excellency on this occasion. I would, however, go further, and humbly mention to Your Excellency that I consider that "the services of Captain von Papen during his appointment here warrant his recommendation to the favor of His Majesty the Emperor and King." Captain von Papen already possesses, among Prussian decorations, the Royal Order of the Crown (4th Class).

Then came the anti-climax:

I humbly submit to Your Excellency the request that you would be so good as to lay before His Majesty the proposal that he should bestow upon him the 4th Class of the Order of the Red Eagle.

As the crisis developed in July, 1914, the indispensable Papen hustled back

from Mexico to Washington, preceded by this "cable in naval cipher" to Boy-Ed July 29, 1914.

Leaving Vera Cruz Sunday Mail Tug. If necessary arrange business for me too with Pavenstedt. Then inform Lerssner. Russian Attaché ordered back to Washington by Telegraph. On outbreak of war have intermediaries located by detective where (*sic*) Russian and French Intelligence Office.

PAPEN.

He evidently had no illusions concerning peace.

The first of the Papen papers after the outbreak of war is a communication from "Always yours gratefully Filipino," written from "the acting great General Staff, Section 3 B Political Section," beginning "My dear Agregado Militar," dated Berlin, N. W. 40, September 29, 1914. It is interesting for two reasons, firstly, as establishing Papen's Press activities, not that they have ever been seriously disputed, and, secondly, as disclosing the gravity of the check to Germany on the Marne.

Herewith I send you (by order of Section 3 B) a few articles which have been passed for publication in all home and foreign papers. You will please arrange for them to have wide publicity. If I can ever be of any service to you here, I will gladly do so. I hold myself at your commands. These articles will show you how one can become celebrated in a short time.

The war news which you receive in America, in spite of all our efforts here, will prove meagre and not in accordance with the truth. At first things went on at a giant's pace; at present, however, there is a hitch; but I hope that by the time you receive these few lines this will have been overcome. The Austrians are fighting well, but their leadership is bad; they had to retreat as far as the Carpathians. The reaction on the Balkans and Italy's attitude is correspondingly bad; but

we—i.e. our troops—will pull the matter through all right. Of course, you will stay in the U.S.A. as long as the war lasts and it will probably drag on over the winter.

There is an interval of six months before the next letter, which is from Lieut.-Col. H. Herwarth (formerly German Military Attaché in Washington) to Papen, dated Berlin, March 10, 1915, containing warm tributes to Americans, firstly Major Langhorne, United States Military Attaché in Berlin at the outbreak of the war:

Of course you know he is returning. Everyone regrets his departure. He is quite exceptionally popular with everyone here (Berlin).

The second recipient of Colonel Herwarth's compliments is a certain Mr. Edward Lyell Fox, alleged to be Vice-President and General Manager of *Wildman's Magazine and News Services*.

Lyell Fox can give you news of Berlin. He is reliable and understands how shamefully dependent on England the United States has become. *Pro forma, of course, he is neutral* (our italics). I think there will soon be a big change in American opinion. I should like to write more, but there is no time. We are frantically busy here in the Press section. A small part of our work is now being printed, as you will observe from the *Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* which I enclose. Let Boy-Ed have a look at it, and give him my kind regards. He has probably received my pamphlet on the campaign of enlightenment in America.

The artless American who is apt to take "campaigns of education" seriously as "the spontaneous expression of public opinion" will be interested to learn on such unimpeachable authority as the ex-German Military Attaché in Washington that, like everything else, this propaganda is run by the Great

General Staff of Berlin, which is a political no less than a military institution, though the politics are always subordinated to militarism.

There is another letter from "Your old friend Herwarth (today promoted to Lieut.-Colonel)":

Berlin, March 22, 1915.

Dear Papen,—I hope that you and Boy-Ed have received all my letters which I forwarded to you through Langhorne and Fox (our italics).

Would you do me a great favor? Shortly before I left Washington I sent a bill to the War Office for books and maps purchased, etc. This bill of about 36 or 40 dollars duly reached the War Office but the amount was not immediately paid over to me, because the War Office had written to ask you whether the necessary vouchers were available.

Perhaps you could look into this matter when next you go to Washington.

I hope people over there will gradually see reason, and I am sure that you and Boy-Ed will do your share to contribute to this result. *I do all I can by influencing the reporters, who always come to me* (our italics).

An innocent layman unversed in military etiquette might be tempted to ask *en passant* whether it was altogether "cricket" for Major Langhorne, the Military Attaché of the United States in Berlin, to carry dispatches from the German General Staff to the German Military and Naval Attachés in Washington during war between Great Britain and Germany? One might have thought that like Mr. Lyell Fox, Major Langhorne in so doing was only exhibiting "pro forma" neutrality, somewhat inadequate in an American official?

Then we have a gushing letter from the great Bernhardt, who had been requisitioned by his Government to undo the disastrous effect of his book by propaganda in the minor key in the American Press:

Posen, General Headquarters,
April 9, 1915.

Dear Captain,—I beg to thank you most sincerely for your kindness in sending me a copy of the *New York Sun* containing my two articles. I am glad to hear that these articles will, in your opinion, have a good effect, as far as that is at all possible in America. The advertising manner in which they publish things is of course thoroughly American; a private communication of mine has been printed without any authority from me.

I have now written two further series of articles for America. The Foreign Office wanted to have the first of these, entitled "Germany and England," distributed in the American Press; the other, entitled "Pan-Germanism," was to appear in the *Chicago Tribune*. I shall be very glad if you could forward to me one copy of each of these articles. They will certainly have some sort of effect. This is evident from the inexpressible rage with which the British and French Press have attacked these two *Sun* articles. They have insulted me in the most incredible way.

However, I agree with you that military success will be the decisive factor for opinion in America. But, also, England's interference with American trade will not fail to have a certain effect. I hope that both will take effect together. I think, however, that especially in the West, where I expect there will soon be a big attempt to break through, we have serious and difficult times to look forward to, but I confidently believe that we shall successfully overcome them. With best wishes, etc.

FR. BERNHARDI.

Please remember me kindly to Herr von Bernstorff.

The twelfth document in the White Paper consists of extracts from the letter of our "pro forma" neutral friend, Mr. Edward Lyell Fox, Vice-President and General Manager of *Wildman's Magazine and News Services*. It was "conveyed to America by hand,"

addressed "My dear Papen," and written from "Hotel Adlon, Berlin, W., July 28":

Just a few words to let you know how things are going. I explained to v. Herwarth (Lieut.-Colonel now) the difficulties of your work in N. Y. I presented your letter to Major Deutelmöser and delivered and posted everything else. Prince Hatzfeld had me out to luncheon and gave me an interview on America's work in the German Red Cross, which I hope to send out from Berlin by Saturday. Princess Friedrich Leopold of Prussia had me out to Potsdam and we got up (*sic*) an interview on "The Spartan German Woman in Time of War." But best of all there is something big coming through the Foreign Office—Prince Henry on the Freedom of the Seas. So you see I have been fairly busy the short time I have been here. . . . Your Berlin looks wonderful this summer; the climate, they tell me, is unusually good. Of course, on the part of the masses, there is an undercurrent against Americans, but the people worth while are all splendidly broad-minded. It is my sincere conviction, and the belief of many other American correspondents here, that the misunderstandings between our countries is due to the poor advice and the warped viewpoint of the American Embassy in Berlin.

Apparently the unfortunate American Ambassador could not attain that level of "pro forma" neutrality which extorted the admiration of Colonel Herwarth in the person of Mr. Fox, who adds:

President Wilson cannot know the German viewpoint under existing circumstances. Write me how things are going. Best wishes for successful work.

Yours,
E. L. Fox.

As the writer of this letter is so obviously an enemy we should imagine that even our easy-going Foreign

Office would withdraw any facilities granted to "the Vice-President and General Manager of *Wildman's Magazine and News Services*" on the assumption that he was a real American and not a German in disguise.

Next in the Papen papers comes the translation of a letter from Prince H. Hatzfeld, written in Washington on some "Tuesday" not further particularized—last summer:

Dear Papen,—My wife writes me that Bulgaria will certainly come in on our side after the harvest at the end of August, and she is certain that Roumania will remain inactive. Since the Austrian Ambassador, Hohenlohe, is in Berlin, the news sounds credible.

Princess Hatzfeld is to be congratulated on her perspicacity, but surely what was known to her and her husband on this Tuesday should have been known to the British and Allied Governments, who cultivated extraordinary illusions as to what Bulgaria would not do and what Roumania would do. Prince Hatzfeld's note contains a delightful German touch which Washington will appreciate.

I telephoned today to Albert. The Ambassador in my opinion, should nevertheless issue a statement to enlighten the native Americans and the pro-Germans and to lead their thoughts into the right channels. *The people are really so stupid* (our italics). And besides, by this means we can openly defend the Americans (Adams, Hodley) who are implicated in this affair.

Yours ever,
H. HATZFELD.

At about the same time "Yours ever, B.E.," presumably Boy-Ed, sent this blood-curdling message to "Dear Papen," for whom things were getting hot:

A secret agent, who returned from Washington this evening, made the following statement: "The Washington people are very excited about von

Papen and are having a constant watch kept on him. *They are in possession of a whole heap of incriminating evidence against him.* They have no evidence against Count B. (presumably Bernstorff) and Captain B. E!"

On September 1, 1915, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, the ill-starred Dr. Dumba, wrote a cheerful little note to "Dear Herr von Papen," in which there are some tantalizing stars indicating omissions in the White Paper, saying:

Things are going splendidly in Russia. If only the Dardanelles hold out. Do you not also feel anxiety on that score? Everything has ended happily in Washington, and people already think they hear the bells of peace ringing! We have not got that length yet, but it just shows what a great effect is produced by good words and a light hand.

The next gem in the collection is a letter from "Mr. Walter H. Knight, of the Bridgeport Projectile Co., to Mr. Carl Heynen, Treasurer Room 1807, 60 Wall Street, New York City," dated "Bridgeport, Conn., September 11, 1915."

Specifications and drawings for 3'015 shrapnel cases and 4'11 high explosive shell duly received, and beg to advise as follows:

First: We will be unable to furnish steel under both physical and chemical specifications owing to fact that manufacturers of steel in the United States will only assume responsibility under one of these requirements. Our quotations are based on furnishing steel as per physical requirements only, as this, in our opinion, is the most essential.

Second: Shrapnel cases: The steel already ordered will not be suitable for the new case, owing to the fact that it is greater in length and diameter than the present style. The additional cost, covering material, labor, tools, etc., will be 50c. per case. This does not include diaphragm or head, only the finished and banded case, in accordance

with new drawings and specifications furnished.

Third: High-Explosive Shell: Price on this shell in lots of 500,000 is \$13.00 each. This does not include the head but includes the finished shell in all other respects; also the banding of same, all in accordance with drawings and specifications furnished. The above prices are based on present market conditions of labor material.

Thus we learn that while it is wicked for the Allies to order munitions in the United States and monstrous of American firms to supply them, it is all right for the Bridgeport Projectile Co., President Mr. Walter H. Knight—obviously not a German-American—to furnish Kultur with shrapnel and high explosives. Sauce for the British goose is never sauce for the German gander. Some months later (December 21, 1915) there was a "Memorandum of interview between Mr. George W. Hoadley, Captain F. von Papen, Captain Hans Tauscher (Krupp's Agent in the United States), and Mr. Carl Heynen," by which

it was agreed that the American shrapnel shell shall be manufactured until instructions to the contrary are received. Mr. Hoadley stated that it would take at least three months to get the tools necessary for the manufacture of shell of any different design.

He explained that:

American steel never comes up to the German specifications because of its different process of manufacture. In case that shells of German design are ordered it will be impossible to make firing tests unless a gun and the necessary accessories are shipped from Germany to here. As a substitute it is suggested to make such firing tests in a bomb-proof place by electrical explosion. It was agreed that Mr. Hoadley, till date, has complied with all the conditions of the contract to the 1st of April with the exception of the commencement of delivery of shells, which is due to

force majeure, i. e., to failure to timely obtain the delivery of machinery and tools occasioned by strikes in the machine factories.

The English reader will be specially interested to note that this Memorandum would appear to make no provision for the non-delivery of American shells in Germany through any theoretical British command of the sea, presumably because, thanks to the interference of the British Foreign Office with our Navy and via one or other of its beneficent agreements with neutrals, such as the Danish Agreement or the Overseas Trust in Holland or elsewhere, it would be as easy to ship shrapnel to Germany as cocoa, cotton, or fat.

The ingenious Papen had now reached the end of his tether, being overtaken by the same fate as the luckless Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Washington, who had also, though probably not to the same extent, dabbled in anarchy and virtually levied war upon the United States. No. 24 of the White Paper consists of this telegram from Berlin, December 9, 1915:

His Majesty decided to recall Papen and Boy-Ed. Please inform the American Government and demand safe-conduct; also for successors in case we decide to send any.

FOREIGN OFFICE.

A few days later (December 15, 1915) Mr. Robert Lansing, the American Secretary of State, writes to Count Bernstorff, who though the paymaster of Papen, as is shown in Annex No. 2, was to remain unmolested:

My Dear Mr. Ambassador,—I am advised by the British and French Ambassadors that safe-conducts will be furnished to Captains Boy-Ed and von Papen for their return to Germany—it being understood that they will take the southern route to Holland. The Ambassadors request information as to the vessel and date of sailing of the

two gentlemen, which I hope you will furnish at your earliest convenience. It is also understood that they will, of course, perform no unneutral act, such as carrying dispatches to the German Government, etc.

I am, etc.

ROBERT LANSING.

It may have been so "understood" by the American Secretary of State as in accordance with the comity of nations, but Germans are a law unto themselves, and it is sufficiently suggestive that the reply from the German Embassy to "My dear Mr. Secretary" (dated December 16, 1915) acknowledging "receipt of your favor of yesterday" regarding the safe-conducts for the precious pair makes no reference to the American stipulation while preferring a further request:

I would feel greatly obliged if you were in a position to let me know whether—as requested in the Ambassador's letter of the 10th December—the said safe-conducts will include the servants of the two gentlemen, Gustav Winko and Otto Mahlow, and whether the Russian Government is also ready to give its safe-conducts. It is understood that the successors of Captains von Papen and Boy-Ed, if sent here, will also be accompanied by servants.

Happily, though British politicians are usually asleep, our Intelligence Department was wide awake and followed the operations of these so-called naval and military "attachés" and the "servants" upon whom so much stress was laid, with the result that when they landed at Falmouth on January 2, Papen's incriminating papers were seized of which, be it remembered, only a sample have been published, probably not the most compromising or the most illuminating. We can guess at the rest from the specimens before us, *inter alia* a letter from Mr. George von Skal—who, as we know from a subsequent Annex, was a German agent receiving

a monthly stipend from Papen—to his sisters Fraulein von Skal, Schreiberhan, Riesengebirge, Germany.

My Dear Sisters,—Captain von Papen, till recently Military Attaché here, who has received a safe-conduct, will take this letter. . . . The recall of the two Attachés is an incredible piece of meanness, and was only demanded in order that the English might be able to do as they please here. Von Papen is a splendid fellow, and I have grown very fond of him. I am extremely sorry to see him go, but I am glad for his sake, that at all events he will now go to the Front, for it is not pleasant, least of all for a Cavalry Officer, to remain here whilst one's comrades are fighting. It is true that he has been sent the Iron Cross, but he is ashamed to put it on because he has not been under fire. In 1870-71 things were different; no one was given the Cross who had not stood face to face with the enemy.

Happily there are other differences between 1870 and 1915.

A useful sidelight is thrown on the working of the "passport" system by a letter from Lance-Corporal Remsch to Captain von Papen, dated Coblenz, October 31, 1915:

Things are still going well with me, as I hope they are also with you, sir. The outbreak of war found me in America in the Argentine. My enthusiasm was such that I immediately decided to start for Germany, whatever it should cost me. After obtaining false Swiss papers I decided to start on my journey on November 17th. At the end of three weeks' voyage in a Swedish steamer, just at the entrance of the English Channel, we were taken into Falmouth by a British destroyer. We were held up there for examination for twelve days, including Christmas and the New Year. Our papers were found in order, and on the 2d January we were permitted to continue our voyage to Sweden and Denmark. I may mention that a German naval

officer accompanied me. On the 7th January I reached my harassed Fatherland and the joy of that day was indescribable.

Among other letters provoked by the Papen crisis was one from Mr. H. F. Albert, Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco (undated)—another German agent who had lost his papers.

Dear Herr von Papen,—Well then! How I wish I were in New York and could discuss the situation with you and B.E.! Many thanks for the telegram. The "Patron" (Bernstorff?) also telegraphed that I was to continue the journey, so we shall not see each other for the present. Shall we at all before you leave? It would be my most anxious wish; but my hope is small. For this time, I suppose, matters will move quickly more than in Dumba's case. I wonder whether our Government will respond in a suitable manner! In my opinion, it need no longer take public opinion so much into consideration, in spite of its being artificially and intentionally agitated by the Press and the legal proceedings, so that a somewhat "stiffer" attitude would be desirable, naturally quiet and dignified! . . . I shall feel your departure most keenly! Our work together was excellent and was always a great pleasure to me. You will now take up again your true military career. . . . When I think of your and Boy-Ed's departure and that I alone remain behind in New York I could—well better not! . . .

Yours very sincerely,
H. F. ALBERT.

Another letter of condolence came from R. v. M. (believed to be Baron von Meysenbug of the German Consulate at New Orleans):

Imperial German Consulate,
New Orleans, December 4, 1915.

Dear Herr von Papen,—I read with great regret that the fate of recall has indeed overtaken you. I don't suppose that you are very unhappy to be able to shake the dust of this un-

friendly country from off your feet. What chiefly offends me is that, in always giving way to the Government here, we have never found that they are kindly disposed towards us. That the demand for your recall has been so sudden and belated throws an interesting light upon the Government here. May here also the day of reckoning come when our Government find again that iron determination with which alone one can make an impression here.

Another excitable German, George Sylvester Viereck, writes "Dear Colonel (*sic*) von Papen" an angry letter (December 4, 1915) breathing vengeance against the Wilson Administration:

I sent you yesterday my article in which I said that we have refrained from publishing and showing the shameful things that are done by the Wilson Administration under the name of neutrality, because we did not want to make the difficult position of Germany's representatives more difficult. In the future we shall use no such restraint. . . . I shall insist that the Administration give its reasons for your recall. . . . While I am thoroughly ashamed of my country at present, I nevertheless intend to stay here and fight for justice and fair play.

Among other letters found on Papen was one from Mr. George von Skal to Maximilian Harden, Berlin-Grunewalde (dated December 15, 1915), which is of exceptional interest from its criticism of Dernburg, the notorious "publicity agent" of the German Government who made such a fearful mess of the German cause in America earlier in the war. Its encomium of Baron Bernstorff and unmeasured laudation of Falkenhayn are yet more valuable, as foreigners rarely get an inside view of German personalities.

As I chance to have a unique and absolutely safe opportunity, I must tell you something which I have had on

my mind for a long while, but which I could not entrust to the post as many of my letters have been taken *en route*. About a year ago I told you that you should not hold too high an opinion of Count (B)ernstorff. I must now tell you that he has done splendid work here (in America). In the most difficult situation he has shown tact, skill, and energy beyond anything expected from him. Anyone who knows the type of people who are in power here cannot fail unreservedly to admit and admire his activities. He well deserves a kind word once in a way, particularly as there are influences at work over there, on your side, who wish to decry his services. One of the foremost of these is Widow Speck von Sternburg. The fact that for a time B. could accomplish but little here was mainly due to the presence of your friend (?) B. D. (obviously Dernburg) who, I may remark in parenthesis, is very fond of speaking of that "Punchinello Harden." This man was regarded by the Americans, and even by many Germans, as the real Ambassador. His immense vanity, his desire to come to the front, his tactlessness, and the qualities which he himself with a certain pride described as "truthfulness and openness" did a very great deal of harm. At the same time he was accessible to every toady and flatterer, and no one with self-respect could possibly work with him. Accordingly he surrounded himself with a crowd of favorites, who for the most part were quite incapable and unreliable and have spoiled many chances. He not only came into collision with, and disturbed, the Count's patient labors, but more than once destroyed their results. It was a most unhappy thought to send him here, and the consequences were highly disastrous. The people in Berlin seem still to believe that anyone who has once been in America knows the country and the people, and understands how to handle them properly. Many mistakes would have been avoided if they had taken the advice of those who have long experience on this side. But!!!! anyone who has ever been in

Government service, if only as Consular Interpreter, or Secretary, is always given the preference. . . . Whether the Count has qualifications for the post for which you once described him as destined, is, however, a question which I would prefer not to answer yet. I still think that a man like Falkenhayn should be employed in the Peace negotiations. He is extraordinarily capable and possesses genius, a thing which up to now I have been unable to discover in any of our Diplomats. . . . With kindest regards, etc.

SKAL.

Among other tearful sympathizers with the departing Papen was Sieden-
burg (22 West 69th Street, New
York, December, 1915), who thus apostrophizes him:

From the bottom of my heart I thank you, as does every German in America, for all that you have done for our Fatherland under highly unfavorable circumstances in your most difficult position. By the patriotism which you have shown in such splendor on every opportunity, you have won for yourself the unbounded esteem of all Germans. For the extraordinarily idiotic Yankee antagonism you will readily console yourself with the good German proverb "The greater your enemy, the greater your honor."

From the British point of view the most delectable of these documents is the concluding item (No. 31), being a translation of an extract from a letter from "Walter Ives, 480 Park Avenue, New York, to Freiherr von Oer zu Egelborg, Wiesbaden" (dated New York, December 22, 1915):

Herr von Papen sails tomorrow with a safe-conduct. Otherwise correspondence with Germany is absolutely unreliable! We German-Americans have a hard struggle here. I write a good deal for our cause in the *Times* (New York) and otherwise try to make myself useful by propaganda, but it is not the same as being able to take part

in the war! How much would I not give for that!! We all look with firm confidence for the victory of the righteous German cause, but unfortunately it will be a long time yet before the others will acknowledge themselves defeated. . . . I shall come over by the first ship which leaves here after the war. Unfortunately there is no prospect of getting through before. Scarcely one per cent have had luck with their attempts. *The British search every corner of every ship* (our italics).

The National Review.

It is a wonder that the Foreign Office allowed us to learn this most encouraging fact, calculated as it is to arouse the apprehensions of neutral traders, whose interests, as we know from certain parliamentary utterances, are very near and very dear to His Majesty's Ministers. "The British search every corner of every ship." We may trust our sailors to do their work efficiently whenever not interfered with by the marplots of Downing Street.

THE FINANCES OF THE BELLIGERENTS.

Finance is now, as it has always been, the most important factor in this war; and the finance of the Allied nations depends, first and last, upon England. In the same way the finance of our enemies depends upon Germany. The Turks in Mesopotamia, Armenia, and Suez; the Bulgarians and the Austro-Hungarians have been financed, for the most part, by German money, and officered by German officers; and it was German money that bribed newspapers and politicians in half the countries of both hemispheres to present the German case to neutrals. It is true that Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, even, have tried to raise internal loans; but their efforts do not meet with the approval of financiers. Credit, to be effective, must be strong enough to stand the strict test of the international money markets, and in this respect the alleged loans of Austria, Hungary, and Turkey can hardly be said to count. It is only fair to add that on the Allied side Russia is in an almost similar position for the time being; for, though her credit is, so to speak, potentially sound, she is all but cut off from communication with the world in consequence of the German blockade of the Baltic and the Turkish barrier at the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus.

Again, while Russia, in time of peace, borrowed largely from abroad, France and England did not find it necessary to do so. The war made an important difference. With the most productive manufacturing provinces of France in the hands of the enemy, the French Government could not raise an internal loan until November last, and Treasury bonds, always expensive documents, played an important part in financing the early stages of the war. Further, the sudden curtailment of exports and the amount of war material purchased abroad, chiefly from the United States, inevitably caused a decline in French credit and raised the rate of exchange against Paris. To judge from what has been said in New York, it is doubtful whether Paris could have raised extensive bankers' credits in the United States if London had not participated. The joint Anglo-French loan of £100,000,000 raised in New York last summer, plus bankers' credits of £50,000,000, was an operation carried out chiefly for the purpose of steadying the rate of exchange, which was about twelve per cent against France and seven per cent against this country.

Apart from internal loans, Italy has relied on Germany for money since the Triple Alliance was first signed. It was German money that developed

Italian shipping, the Italian banks, the Italian manufacturers, though the development was far from being disinterested. For some reason, French and English financiers preferred to let Italy alone; and this fact, as Dr. Dillon emphasized in his dispatches to the *Daily Telegraph* in March and April last, was not without a certain adverse influence on the Allies' propaganda in Italy in the winter of 1914-15. Once the Italian Government definitely agreed to enter the war on the side of the Triple Entente, financial aid from England immediately followed: and it is largely English money which is supporting the Serbian, Belgian, and Montenegrin forces. Further, a loan of £5,000,000 to Roumania was announced twelve months ago. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate is that £453,000,000 will be paid away by England in the form of subsidies to her Allies in the course of the current financial year. The amount to be voted in the following financial year, beginning in April, will naturally be larger, assuming that the war lasts until the spring of 1917. While, therefore, full credit must be given to our Allies for having arranged internal loans in very difficult economic circumstances, it should be recognized that the credit of England in the international money-markets lies at the very basis of the credit of the Allies. From comments which have appeared of late in the French, Russian, and Italian newspapers, one may gather that these countries—chiefly owing to our restricted national publicity and to the mischievous assertions of a section of our own Press—fail to recognize the important part which England is playing in the war. The writers who criticise us in the newspapers of our Allies do not, as a rule, acknowledge the work of our Navy, without which France and Russia could have been invaded from dozens of points on the coast; but, above

all, they pay scant attention to the no less important work of English finance. If Italy, for example (as we hope), sees her territory increased and strengthened as the outcome of her campaign against Austria, that result will have been due, however indirectly, to the organization of the English banking system as much as to the efforts of the Italian Army. Financial credit, let it be repeated, is all-important in war-time; and not a square inch of Italia Irredenta could have been "redeemed" if it had not been for Lombard Street.

The following table shows approximately the amounts borrowed by the German Government since the war began:—

First loan, September 1914, 5 per cent at 97½	£225,000,000
Second loan, May, 1915, 5 per cent at 98	450,000,000
Third loan, September, 1915, 5 per cent at 99	600,000,000
	<hr/>
	£1,275,000,000
Total war credits voted, including the fourth vote of ten milliards of marks (i.e., £500,000,000) introduced by the Finance Minister, Dr. Helfferich, on December 14th, 1915	£2,000,000,000

There are loans and loans; and the world, at any rate the financial world, has shown clearly that these German figures are not to be taken seriously. They represent, not genuine credit, but inflation; paper money for which there is no tangible equivalent. Before the time came to issue a loan the German Government prepared the way by opening special war banks, the notorious Darlehnskassen. These institutions facilitated the financing of the various loans by advancing money on securities. There were, of course, certain securities which could no longer be negotiated in Germany at all, such as British Consols

or American railway stock. On securities of this nature the Darlehnskassen advanced paper money (Darlehnskassenscheine) up to 40 per cent of the nominal value. On German and Prussian State bonds, and on the stock of important German companies, the Darlehnskassen advanced larger amounts, in some cases as much as 75 per cent. Darlehnskassenscheine were also advanced on goods intended for export, but which had to be kept at home on account of the British blockade. Some of the special banks went even farther than this. Arrangements were made whereby, in specified cases, investors could pledge property, household effects, and instruments of trade, so that almost every family in Germany might have mortgaged something to the Government and placed the proceeds in one or other of the war loans. It is not denied that the "small investor" has applied for loans to a much greater extent in Germany than in England, largely because the German savings banks refused to pay out money unless the payee signed a guarantee to put the results of his savings into the war loan. By this method no money actually changed hands.

The second German war loan was financed on practically the same principle as the first, with the difference that bonds of the first loan were accepted in part payment. The actual amount of fresh capital thus secured has not become known. When the third loan was issued it was largely financed on the principle of promissory notes—i.e., industrial undertakings contracted to supply goods to the Government of a specified value, and received in return war-loan stock. This, as things now stand, is not a sound method of financing a loan, but a case might, perhaps, be made out for it. If a Government can seize railways it may be possible to show that it can also seize credit; but there can be no jus-

LIVING AGE, VOL. II, No. 62.

tification of any kind for the issue of the special war-loan bank notes, the Darlehnskassenscheine and the Kriegskreditscheine. This was paper money without a gold backing; and it was, apparently, the intention of the Government that these notes should form an entirely separate issue, an issue quite distinct from the ordinary Reichsbank notes. The new notes threatened to drive silver as well as gold out of circulation, and are understood to have done so to a great extent. But at the beginning the public showed a trace of hesitancy: should it accept the new issue of notes or not? It would never have done to let neutrals see that the Darlehnskassen were suspected by the German people themselves. The Reichsbank was accordingly instructed to issue its own notes against the Darlehnskassenscheine. In consequence of this order, naturally, the new notes were officially secured on the Reichsbank gold reserve.

While the effect of this order was to make the new notes acceptable within the limits of the German Empire, its outcome abroad was disastrous. The inevitable consequence was a vast over-issue of bank notes for which the Reichsbank was responsible, but without a sufficient gold reserve to meet claims. In time the position became worse, since the Reichsbank was held responsible for the advances made by the special war banks on property, etc. (the Kriegskreditbanken). By Government authority, therefore, the Reichsbank refused to cash any of its notes in gold; and the frantic efforts of the German Government to get gold from any source will be readily recalled. Gold was withdrawn from circulation, and gold ornaments, chains, and trinkets of all kinds made their way to the Reichsbank in exchange for notes hardly worth the paper they were printed on. According to the Reichsbank return of December 23d, 1915,

the notes in circulation represented a value of £313,000,000, but this amount apparently, includes only the orthodox Reichsbank notes and the notes of the Imperial war banks (the Reichsdarlehnskassen), and does not reckon the note issues of the State Darlehnskassen, the Kriegskreditbanken, etc.

Against this large note issue the Reichsbank held gold to the amount of £122,000,000 on December 23d, but it should be borne in mind that the notes are inconvertible. In July, 1914, the month before the war, the Reichsbank had paper money in circulation to the value of £95,000,000 convertible into gold and secured by a gold backing averaging £60,000,000. In other words since the war the Reichsbank has made itself responsible for paper money to the extent of an additional £218,000,000, while it has increased its gold reserve by only some £60,000,000. It is this fact, as much as the almost complete stoppage of German exports, which accounts for the decline in her credit. At the time of writing the exchange rate stands against Germany in Amsterdam to the extent of 33 per cent, in New York 26 per cent, and in Zurich 28 per cent.

One more reason, and an important one, for the decline in German credit may be mentioned. In his various speeches on finance up to December last Dr. Helfferich had made a point of boasting—for the benefit of neutrals—that Germany had been able to carry on her gigantic campaign without adding to her taxes. The fact was, as every economist knew, that Germany had been so highly taxed up to the outbreak of war that it was difficult for the Finance Minister to suggest new sources of income. The customary boast was not heard in December, for Dr. Helfferich regretfully announced that it would be necessary to impose new taxes—not, as he explained, for war purposes, but to enable him to

balance his Budget for 1916-17. This was a distinction without a difference; for, as the *Kölnische Zeitung* and various other papers commented within a day or two of the speech, if the money had to come out of the taxpayer's pocket, it did not matter very much to him what it was wanted for. The announcement that new taxes would have to be imposed was the first real financial shock suffered by the German people since the opening of the campaign, and led to much criticism of the Government by papers which had never hitherto spoken of the authorities in any but the most respectful tones. There had been so large a series of note issues that money appeared to be plentiful, and there was a superficial air of prosperity, exactly as there was in the manufacturing States in North America during the Civil War. The poor suffered, but, thanks to skillful organization by the Government, and artificial manipulation of prices, the effects of the paper inflation were not, for many months, felt as they might have been. When it gradually became more and more impossible to control prices and food supplies, and there was much discontent among the working classes in consequence; and when, further, the Social-Democrats demanded a 50 per cent increase in the allowances paid to soldiers' dependents on account of huge increase in the cost of living, the Government, paternal as always, was expected to "take steps," though nobody could say precisely what the steps were to be. The reply of the Government was to announce, through the Finance Minister, that further taxes were about to be imposed.

German economists and financial critics who had refrained from investigating this problem too closely—or who, perhaps, had been forbidden to do so by the Censor—made haste to calculate the deficits which would have to be covered by taxation. The most

complete reckoning was given in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of January 5th, and quoted in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 11th. Although the most complete, this calculation gave only a few figures, but they were significant enough. The Prussian State deficit was estimated to be £5,000,000. The Prussian municipalities showed a deficit in their accounts of £4,500,000, and there were smaller debts owing by the provinces and the departments in the Kingdom of Prussia. At a moderate estimate the *Berliner Tageblatt* assumed that the additional direct taxes to be imposed in each State would, added together, come to £17,500,000. In addition to this, the needs of the whole Empire, considered as a unit, would have to be provided for; and this deficit was reckoned at about £25,000,000. The war-profits tax could not cover this, since that tax was not to be imposed, although passed by the Reichstag (as it was presumed to be for the sake of argument), until the end of the war. Therefore, the *Tageblatt* considered, it was reasonable to assume that the German people would have to find, for their Imperial and State taxes, about £50,000,000 additional in the next financial year.

In order that this figure may be properly understood it should be recollected that just before the war—in the spring of 1913—the German Government, in order to find money for raising the peace strength of its army, imposed a direct tax on capital estimated to bring in £50,000,000. This *ad hoc* impost came on top of a series of increased taxes, and the country's finance nearly broke down under the burden. It was reckoned that, in all, only £39,000,000 was obtained as a result of this tax, but the markets were dislocated by the endeavors of those who were liable to it to sell either stocks or property in order to meet their obligations. The rising prices which followed

this tax were greatly resented by the workmen, and even before the war there were protests in the Reichstag. Since the war, as was only to be expected, the conditions have become much worse. In spite of the control exercised by the Government over the markets, the cost of living in the large towns in Germany has nearly doubled. The statistics published by the Board of Trade show that the cost of living in Berlin has risen by 93 per cent since July, 1914. On the other hand, the allowance made to the dependents of soldiers has not been increased at all, and wages, while they have fluctuated, have not nearly met the rising cost of living. The middle classes are also suffering severely, for the men of military age are under arms, and the official allowance is small. Army contractors, naturally, are making money; but it is only paper money.

From all this it will be gathered that the power of Germany to meet her financial obligations, internal and external, is very limited. Theoretically, internal debts can be met by an unlimited issue of paper money; but there is no means of meeting the paper money. In one of his first speeches Dr. Helfferich intimated that the *Darlehnskassenscheine*, the *Kriegskreditbank* notes, etc., would be met by the heavy war indemnities which Germany expected to obtain at the end of the campaign. Much emphasis was laid, in the early stages of the war, on these imaginary indemnities; but it is now tacitly recognized that no further references should be made to them. No German has ventured to say, however, where the money is to come from which is to liquidate the notes issued in Germany during the war.

As if this were not enough, another German pseudo-asset has disappeared. When the British blockade began on March 15th, after the Order in Council of March 11th, 1915, it was confidently

asserted by the Germans that they could dispense with imports from overseas, and that, in consequence, the rate of exchange against them (at that time about 14 per cent) would remain steady until the end of the war, when the Reichsbank would once more be able to make it normal. German engineers and chemists taxed their wits to devise substitutes for commodities hitherto purchased from the United States; and a few of the more enthusiastic looked forward hopefully to supplies from Asia Minor. The German Government encouraged this prospect for a time, but when contact was established with the Turks the "inspired" newspapers hastened to say that it would take years to develop Asia Minor, and that no immediate supplies of cotton or foodstuffs could be expected from that source. As a matter of fact, the German financiers were right in one respect; the exchange rate in New York did remain steady at 14 per cent against Berlin, with minor variations, until early in November, when contact was established with Bulgaria, Greece, and Turkey. During the summer Germany secured some supplies through Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, with the result that the exchange rates against Germany rose in Amsterdam and the Scandinavian capital. Here Germany was better situated, as she was able to make financial arrangements with Dutch and Swedish agents, and to export to those countries quantities of manufactured goods and chemicals. Once purchases were made from Bulgaria, Turkey, and Greece, however, German "paper" once more appeared on the international money markets, and this fact, together with the particulars of the note issues, which were beginning to be known, sent German credit down with a run. The Amsterdam rate rose from about 8 per cent to 33 per cent, and the New York rate from 14 per cent to 26 per cent. It is no longer

possible to discuss German "credit," for, when a country's "paper" is subject to a discount approaching one-third, with prospects of a further reduction, its credit cannot be said to exist.

In Austria the conditions are worse. Strict official silence has been maintained regarding the cost of the war, and even the amounts raised by loan are conjectural. It was not until the middle of November, 1915, that the report of the State Debt Control Commission was published, showing the war expenditure up to the end of 1914. This was printed in the *Neue Freie Presse* and other papers on November 20th, but the particulars it gives are meagre. It is to be gathered from the report that the war cost Austria, between August and December, 1914, some £225,000,000, or about £45,000,000 a month. Hungary had to pay about £15,000,000 a month, bringing the total cost of the war, for Austria-Hungary, up to about £300,000,000 for the five months ended December, 1914. After that all is conjecture, and is likely to be. The Berlin paper *Der Tag*, of November 30th, reckoned, on the basis of figures furnished by its Vienna correspondent, that Austria had spent fifteen milliards of marks up to November, 1915, and Hungary about seven milliards. This would make the total expenditure for Austria-Hungary about £920,000,000 for sixteen months of war. A few new taxes were imposed, bringing an additional million sterling or so into the exchequer, and large amounts of money have been borrowed from German banks. Joint long-term loans were issued by Austria-Hungary in 1914 and 1915, and the nearest estimates of their value are as follows:—

November, 1914, 5½ per cent at 97	£138,000,000
May, 1915, 5½ per cent at 95¼ (the Hungarian loan, redeemable at dif-	

ferent dates, at 6 per cent	
97½, and at 5½ per cent,	
90'8)	£156,000,000
October-November, 1915,	
Austria, 5½ per cent at	
93'6; Hungary, 6 per	
cent at 97½	244,000,000
	<hr/>
	£538,000,000

From the comments made even in the Austrian papers on these loans, it is quite evident that they owe such success as they can claim largely to inflation, and to the aid of the Austro-Hungarian Bank. This institution appears to have acted, to some little extent, as a combined Reichsbank and Darlehnskasse, with the result that people who wished to subscribe to the loans were able to borrow money for the purpose on easy terms. Naturally trade has fallen off considerably, though the Austrians were able to carry on commerce through Italy until May, 1915. The few trade figures published show a marked decline, and prices have risen greatly. From official figures published in Vienna the Board of Trade reckons that the cost of living in Vienna itself rose by July, 1915, to 86 per cent more than in July, 1914, and for August last the increase was reckoned at 98 per cent. This increase is undoubtedly reflected in Budapest and in the smaller towns. According to the figures published, Austria-Hungary must now show a deficit of five hundred millions sterling, and there is no indication how this amount is to be made up. At the end of December, 1915, Austrian paper had depreciated in Zurich to the extent of 41 per cent, in Amsterdam by 52 per cent, and in New York by 44 per cent. In short, Austrian paper is practically unsalable: there is no Austrian credit left.

Bulgaria and Turkey have been carrying on the war with the aid of Germany, and no particulars of internal or other loans are available. Early in 1915 Germany lent Bulgaria

£3,000,000, this amount being, presumably, part of the £20,000,000 loan arranged between Sofia and Berlin shortly before the war began. Turkey's finances, of course, are more chaotic than ever.

Where the Allied countries are concerned the figures are, if not always satisfactory, at least more openly acknowledged. In December, 1914, and May, June, August, and November, 1915, the French Finance Minister summarized the economic position of France in admirable language. The Government of France discharged the costs of the war during the first year (August to August) chiefly by borrowing from the Bank of France and by issuing bonds of various kinds. The borrowing from the Bank led to an increase in the note circulation, but the Bank has since considerably strengthened its gold reserve. The average deficit of war expenditure over revenue is estimated at £54,000,000 a month. The following table shows the war credits voted by the French Parliament:—

Up to June 30th, 1915	£660,000,000
Quarter ended September	
30th	224,000,000
Quarter ended December	
31st	240,000,000
Quarter ended March 31st,	
1916	327,000,000
	<hr/>
	£1,451,000,000

The French "Loan of Victory" was estimated (January, 1916) to have produced £680,000,000, a proportion of this being represented by Converted Rentes. In addition to the loan—which proved a success, despite the fact that several provinces were still in the hands of the enemy when it was issued—special war taxes are being imposed, among them an addition to the proposed income tax and a war-profits tax. Up to July 31st, 1915, as

Ribot pointed out in his August

statement, the Treasury had issued bonds, including the National Defense bonds, to the value of 6,958,000,000 fr., and National Defense stock valued at 2,695,000,000 fr. These figures included Converted Rentes to the value of 780,000,000 fr., showing that the public had lent the Treasury nearly £400,000,000 in the first year of war. On the whole, French credit has stood the strain well, but has naturally suffered from inflation, diminished production, and the necessity of paying for large imports of goods from the United States. The French loan, it should be remarked, was a good bargain for the investor at 5 per cent issued at 88. The French war expenditure is partly represented, like our own, by loans to Russia, Serbia, and Belgium; but the loans issued by France for the purpose of aiding other members of the Allied group are much smaller than ours.

Italy entered the war on May 23d, 1915, and has consequently not yet felt the full effects of a long campaign. The Italian Treasury returns show that the cost of the war up to September 30th, 1915, was £65,100,000, and the cost is now about £20,000,000 a month. These figures do not include an estimated sum of £80,000,000 which Italy spent in preparing for the war, and a national loan issued in January, 1915, brought in over £50,000,000. A further loan in July resulted in a sum of £48,000,000 finding its way to the Treasury, not allowing for advances by France and England. Taxes have been increased all round; but notes to the value of 1,902,500,000 lire have had to be issued to meet the deficit. The exchange rates against Italy now stand rather high—about 20 per cent. The Italian Government is nevertheless making strong efforts to meet a large proportion of the cost of the war out of revenue, and its success in doing so contrasts very favorably with the fail-

ure of its former partners to raise money by any means.

The cost of the war to Russia, according to the *Economist* War Supplement (December 18th, 1915), was £188,000,000 to November, 1914, £576,000,000 to July 14, 1915, and £639,000,000 to August 14th. "The seven months to January 14th, 1916, are expected to cost £429,000,000, making a total of over £1,000,000,000 from the commencement of the war." The German papers from the very beginning of the war have consistently attempted, no doubt under official inspiration, to show that Russia's finances are in a very bad condition, and that, in fact, she is practically bankrupt. Long-term loans were issued by Russia in May and November, 1915, and the latter was particularly attacked in Germany, no doubt because it promised to be successful. Internal loans were issued in October, 1914, and in March, May, and December, 1915.

Early in September, 1915, M. Bark, the Russian Finance Minister, summed up the outlay on the war to July 1st, 1915. He reckoned it, up to that date, to be 5,456,000,000 roubles or (taking the rouble at its approximate nominal value) £545,600,000. For the coming financial year M. Bark looked for a revenue of £279,000,000, which was less than he expected by £33,000,000. Of this deficit, £16,000,000 was due to absence of the duty on vodka, the sale of which had been prohibited. The cost of the war to Russia up to the end of 1915 M. Bark estimated at £950,000,000. This agrees, approximately, with the *Economist's* estimate to January 14th, 1916. In the same speech M. Bark stated that the Government had contracted credit liabilities to the amount of £650,000,000, through loans abroad and at home, and by means of short-term borrowing in Paris, New York, and London. Heavy additions are being made to the direct taxes, and,

although there has inevitably been a note issue, it is secured by a gold reserve. It is impossible to estimate the financial state of Russia at the moment, on account of the closing of the Dardanelles and the Baltic. There is no doubt that her recovery after the war will be very rapid, and, assuming that there will be no internal difficulties, her producing and tax-paying capacity will soon increase.

English finance has been so often dealt with that it is enough to survey the figures. The votes of credit asked for are shown below:—

August 6th, 1914	£100,000,000
November 16th, 1914	225,000,000
March 1st, 1915	37,000,000
<hr/>	
Total for financial year	
1914-1915	£362,000,000
March 1st, 1915	250,000,000
June 15th, 1915	250,000,000
July 20th, 1915	150,000,000
September 15th, 1915	250,000,000
November 10th, 1915	400,000,000
<hr/>	
Combined total	£1,662,000,000

The war is now, according to Mr. Asquith's reckoning, costing us five millions a day. The Budget for the financial year 1913-14 showed receipts of £198,000,000. Additional war taxes increased the 1914-15 War Budget receipts from revenue to £226,000,000, and the additional taxes levied by Mr. McKenna are expected to help in providing a total yield for 1915-16 of £305,000,000. There remains a deficit of £1,284,692,000 over the estimated expenditure, towards which our loans of November, 1914, and May, 1915, brought in slightly over £900,000,000. The joint loan of October, 1915, arranged in New York, plus bankers' credits—amounting in all to £150,000,000—cannot be reckoned towards this deficit, since it will take the £150,000,000 to steady the rate of exchange.

There is one very important fact to remember in this connection: the rate of exchange stands against us because our exports have declined through the decline in our production resulting from the drafting of large numbers of men into the Army. In 1913 our exports were valued at £525,000,000; in 1915 at only £385,000,000, in spite of the higher prices ruling. Considering, the fact that between the outbreak of war and August of 1915, according to Mr. Asquith, more than 2,250,000 men were accepted for service, and that large numbers of workmen were taken from their ordinary work to make shells, the figure of £385,000,000, is satisfactory enough; but it is not sufficient. It is not nearly sufficient for the reason indicated in this article, namely, that it is English credit which forms the basis of the finance of the Grand Alliance. We are now informed that nearly three million additional men have attested under the Derby scheme, of whom at least a million may be expected to be called upon for service. Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman are understood to have protested against the removal of more men from industry, and, though their protests do not appear to have been heeded for the moment, they were thoroughly justified. We are ourselves already beginning to suffer from the effects of inflation, for the cost of living, reckoning foodstuffs alone, has risen by 47 per cent since the war began; and if rent, clothing, and so on were also taken into consideration this percentage would be higher. Wages (allowance being made for overtime) have risen by little more than 30 per cent. As I have already pointed out in the *Nation* (January 15th), the Currency Notes in circulation at the beginning of 1915 represented a value of £38,478,000, against which gold was held to the amount of £18,500,000. We now (January 14th) hold gold to the amount of £28,500,000

against a paper (Currency Note) liability of £103,000,000. In other words, we are passing through the same phase as the Federal States in 1863 and 1864, without being guided by their experience. We are, that is to say, drafting men into the Army when they would be better employed in the essential industries of the country, and our Parliamentarians are nevertheless wondering why there should be inflation, why prices should be rising, and why there should be so much discontent among the working-class population. There is a tag about never learning and never forgetting; but surely the members of a Coalition Government in a democratic country do not wish to be compared to the Bourbons?

The Fortnightly Review.

P.S.—Since this article was written it has been announced (February 19th) that Mr. Asquith is to ask immediately for a record war credit of £420,000,000. A further German loan is also to be floated. A third Italian war loan (December, 1915–January, 1916) was announced—5 per cent at 97½. The interim Turkish Finance Minister (Taalat Bey) stated (February 10th), when introducing his Budget, that £T14,500,000 had been borrowed from Austria-Hungary (!) and Germany against Treasury bond issues. There was, nevertheless, a deficit of £T14,000,000. Mr. J. P. Morgan has come to Europe with the object, it is suggested, of arranging bankers' credits for England and France to the amount of £150,000,000.

J. M. Kennedy.

BARBARA LYNN.

BY EMILY JENKINSON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BY THE CRESSET'S LIGHT.

Barbara was alone at Ketel's Parlor. A lighted lamp hung from a hook in the ceiling, and a fire smouldered on a slab of blue slate, while the smoke escaped through a cleft in the wall. Outside was night, starless and black, though the hour was not much later than seven o'clock. Not long ago she had heard the village folk returning from the Meet, but they went home by a track on the other side of the beck, and did not come near the cave.

Barbara wanted to think, and, in order to think clearly, she must be alone. The huge fire at Greystones, that made every corner of the kitchen as bright as noon, and the alert old woman in the four-poster, prevented any such deep meditation as she craved. But as the work of the day was over, and Jess, the servant-lass, had sat down to spin by the ingle, she could

absent herself for a while with a clear conscience.

The cave was part of herself. Its rocky walls seemed to have taken on the impression of her thoughts. She had stamped her personality upon it, and loved it as the habitation of her spirit. Here she was free, though free nowhere else in the world; here she shook off the cloak under which she hid her true being; here she could meet herself face to face without fear of prying eyes.

There was a charm in the cave which fitted her every mood. Were she happy, the spring that bubbled out of the floor and ran sparkling among the stones, laughed in unison with her. Were she sad, no sunlight could come here to stare and mock. Were she weary, yonder was a couch of heather and sheepskins for her body, and a silence that hung around her brain like a curtain. Did she feel herself inspired to pray, the walls and the dim light

were solemn as those of a shrine.

Peter had given her the cresset lamp, and she had brought her books here, keeping them in an oak chest which she had found at Greystones that preserved them from damp.

She knew the cave so well—every stone on the floor, every crack in the walls where tiny ferns grew—that she could have found her way about it blindfold. She often thought that, when she came to die, Ketel's Parlor would remain the most vivid picture in her mind.

Death was a familiar meditation to Barbara. She met it so often that it forced itself upon her notice. The destroyer tramped the fells even in summertime, taking his toll of sheep and lambs, and now and then snatching away a man. But when winter came, with its storms of wind and rain; when it held the becks stiff behind icy bars; when it filled the gullies with drifting snow and leveled dangerous slopes, then it seemed to be a miracle that any living thing should come through it alive. Time and again, between November and March, those whose work took them to the great wastes, would face death, would go where a slip was destruction, where presence of mind, and swift, unerring action meant life; where nothing but the instinct that is born in some men, added to hard-won experience, could bring them safe and sound out of the valley of the shadow to their own hearth-stones.

Barbara often wondered how her own end would come. Would she be like a shepherd, who had gone out one wild night to bring the ewes to a more sheltered spot, and who was blown over a precipice? Would she fall into a drift when helping to dig out the sheep, and perish of the suffocating snow in which a sheep may live, but not a human being? Would she grow dizzy when climbing some steep ascent, and

fall down to be dashed on the rocks below? Or would she, like her great-grandmother, live for a hundred years, and die at last in the four-poster, with the bridewain on one side of her and the dresser on the other?

No; anything but that. She hoped that death would not forget her, as it had forgotten Mistress Lynn, that grim, gray, human Sphinx, which could look back along the years for a century. That such a lot might be hers, filled the girl with horror. But she would not believe it. She cared not how death came, but she hoped he would not tarry, for life held nothing now that could make her wish to live. Life was full of renunciation and sacrifice, and she was tired of striving after righteousness.

She had not been long alone when she heard a voice calling her.

"Barbara! Barbara!"

Absorbed in her thoughts, she imagined that the voice came from her inner consciousness, and was spirit speaking unto spirit. But it called again, and this time fell upon her ear with unmistakable urgency:

"Barbara!"

Lucy was running across the slope, towards the light issuing from the cavern's doorway. She looked excited, her cheeks were aflame, her eyes shining.

"You must come with me," she cried. "You must come at once, over the Robber's Rake to the Shepherd's Rest. Joel is dying."

She took her sister's hand, and began to draw her towards the door.

"Sit down, Lucy, and calm thyself," said Barbara.

"Sit down! Nay, I tell you we must go at once. Come, there is no time to lose. He may be dead before we see him."

"I don't understand," said Barbara.

She stood under the cresset's light like a rock, while Lucy, like a wave,

fretted about her. Exasperating to such a nature as Lucy's was her sister's calmness.

"Oh! you don't understand," she cried. "You never have understood. You have a heart like a lump of ice. You have always been against Joel and me. It is you who thrust us apart. But, now that he is dying, I thought you'd relent. Still, I'll go——"

"Has he sent for you?"

"Nay! I tell you he's dying. Oh, Joel, Joel, to think you should be leaving me again so soon. But I'm coming, yes, I'm coming."

The girl wrung her hands, looked wildly round, then her face hardened.

"If you'll not come, I'll go alone," she said. "I'm not afraid of the dark."

But Barbara barred the doorway. She pointed to the stool from which she had risen. "Sit down," she said, "and tell me what you know. Then, if you're determined to go, I'll go too." "Joel may be dead by then."

"Whether he lives or dies is not in your hands. It's not to you, Lucy, that his soul will be given."

"Oh, I wish I had passed by and left you alone. I might have known, I might have had more sense, than think you would feel for me. You were always hard as flint, though I used to believe you were a saint. But don't cast me off, Barbara. I'm very miserable."

Barbara knelt down by the distracted girl, and put her arms round her.

"What is wrong with Joel?" she asked softly.

"He's dying, oh God, he's dying and I'm not there to bid him good-bye."

Then, amid sobs, she told her sister all that she knew, about the way Joel and Peter had wrestled, and how Joel had strained himself and broken a blood-vessel. He was now lying at the Shepherd's Rest, attended by Timothy

Hadwin and her husband. Peter had sent her word that he could not get home that night.

"I'll never forgive Peter," wept Lucy. "He oughtn't to have wrestled. He knows I hate wrestling. I've always hated it. Perhaps I knew at the back of my mind it would some day bring trouble to me."

"This is childish, Lucy," said Barbara, with a note of revolt in her voice. She scorned her sister for preferring Joel to Peter. Joel had nothing to recommend him save his physical perfection, and his old name. His claim to sympathy, his affectionate nature had never touched her, so she failed to realize their effect on Lucy. If Peter had been her husband, she would have found a glory in loving where duty pointed. Alas, duty bade her pluck out her love and cast it from her.

Barbara had known for a long time that her sister was not happy. There was less simplicity in her manners than of old, less desire to please, and much less concern about her fine clothes and good looks. That she was nursing vain regrets Barbara needed no telling to know, and she had hoped often that Joel would not return. Providence had willed it otherwise. For the stricken creature nothing remained but to turn its face from temptation, and follow the straight and narrow way, with grace if possible, at all costs with determination. But Lucy had no intention of keeping to so strict a path.

"Come" she said.

Barbara rose slowly from her knees. She knew that Lucy must not go. She went to the doorway, and stood for a moment looking out. The night was dark with clouds, and wind came shuffling over the grass at fitful intervals. Now and again she heard the tinkle of waves breaking on the shores of Swirtle Tarn; near at hand a sheep called, and was answered by another and yet

another, till the mournful bleat of the most distant member of the flock died upon her ear.

Lucy stared at her sister's back. She did not get off her stool for, impulsive and excited as she was, stubborn too at times, she read something in Barbara's pose that kept her silent. The fire-light lit up the shining hair plaited round the fine large head; one lock had become loose and hung down upon her shoulder. She looked like a tower of strength to the fearful heart, but to the antagonist she was a fortress that no assault could take.

Barbara never dealt in vague reasonings, or tried to veil the face of denial to make it look less stern. She had called her own feelings of the morning by no condoning name, and she now turned to Lucy with firm lips and eyes.

"You must go home, Lucy," she said, "back to the mill-house, and wait there for Peter. He is kind, and will not keep you long in suspense, wondering whether Joel is alive or dead. If he lives you can have no place in his life; if he dies you can't help him on his way."

"I'll at least bid him good-bye. Don't waste any more breath on me, Barbara. I've made up my mind to go."

"Then you will blacken both your souls, and such stains won't wash out."

"What do you mean?" asked Lucy, turning her face away.

"You know what I mean. You're letting your mind run after a man that's not your husband. The Bible calls it by a black name, in thought as well as deed." Barbara lifted her sister's face between her hands, and looked at it for a moment. "Lucy," she continued, "you've always been proud of your fair skin and your white body, but that sort of mind, the mind you're letting yourself get, is ugly—ugly as a toad."

Lucy twisted herself away with repulsion.

"You've a bonny way of putting things," she replied haughtily, but her lips quivered. She abhorred toads. From being a child, the sight of them had filled her with loathing; they seemed too ugly to have been created. And now Barbara said her mind was becoming like one.

"You don't understand," she cried. "You're so high and mighty you couldn't love a man as I love Joel. If you did you'd find a kindlier name for it than saying it's like something that turns you sick to look at it."

Could she have seen her sister's face just then she would have been dumb-founded by the change that passed over it. Throat and cheek and chin became suffused with a passionate glow, and her lips quivered. But in a moment the flood sank back again, leaving her pale and weary-eyed.

"We've had a warning set us since we were born," she said. "I mean great-granny. Neither of us would like to grow old in her way."

"I never should. But you might, Barbara, for everyone says that you're her living picture. And your heart doesn't come far short of hers for hardness."

Barbara winced, and Lucy, ever ready to make amends for her sharp words, grasped her sister's hand.

"Don't heed me," she said. "I'm beside myself. There's no fear of either of us following in great-granny's steps."

"She let her mind stray where it had no right to," continued Barbara. "And you know what comfort it brought her. She grew to hate her husband, and she cared nothing for her children. But her life was loveless and a blank; still, she had to give her heart to something; so must all men and women. We're made that way and can't alter it. You know where she gave her heart—it's in her money-bags."

A picture flashed across Lucy's mind of the sight she had seen when she had looked through the door on the night of the wake long ago. She remembered with curious distinctness the stealthy movements of the thin old hands, as they counted the coins. Another scene rose before her; she saw Cringel Forest, and the dell where she and Joel used to meet. She saw it in summertime, gay with blue-bells; she saw it again in winter. She thought how she and Joel had met there only a few hours ago. Come spring, come autumn, still she loved and was loved. Back swung her mind to the old woman in the great bed, giving up her soul to the hoarding of money. Could this last scene be the outcome of such a one as that of the morning? She saw herself old and gray—the beauty of life and its warmth fled; and dead her heart to all joy in the sun and the flowers; gone the sympathy of her soul with other souls; hardened into indifference the power of loving and careless of being loved. Could her soul grow like that? like her great-grandmother's?

"You're hawering," she said. "I'm no more like her than I'm like a corby-crow."

Still she was ill at ease.

"Won't you go away home now?" said Barbara.

Lucy had half a mind to say that she would not go. But her blood had cooled, and her reason began to reassert itself. She was dominated by her sister's will and mortally afraid of the long dark track into Girdlestone Pass. She rose and drew her cloak closer around her.

"If Joel dies," she said, tears filling her eyes, "you'll have it on your conscience that you kept us apart when we might have given each other some cheer to carry us along our dark ways."

"Lucy, Lucy," cried Barbara, "put Joel out of your head. You've got a good husband, better no woman ever

had. Can't you give all your love to him? Make him happy. You'll be happy then yourself. You'll find life worth living, better worth living than great-grandmother's has been; better, far better than mine. Mine's a lonely life, Lucy. There'll never be home and husband for me. But, down at the mill-house yonder, love is waiting for you. For your own sake, for Peter's sake, for Joel's sake, too, cleave to the man you've taken for better and worse."

"You should have married him yourself," replied Lucy, with a somewhat uneasy glance.

"It was not I that Peter chose for his wife," said Barbara simply.

Just then the herd brought a message from Mistress Lynn to know how much longer Barbara was going to linger at the cave.

"Tell her I've something to do that'll keep me here awhile," replied she.

Lucy bade her sister good-night and went away with the herd. She no longer wanted to fly to the sick bed of the man she loved. Weariness succeeded her passion of the morning and excitement of the night. Barbara always had this effect upon her sister. When she opened her heart to her, Barbara put it in a cleansing fire, and, though the process might be painful, it was morally purifying.

When Lucy and Tom had gone, Barbara put her hands to her head, and lifted the locks that lay so heavily upon her brow. Then she stirred the peats into flame. Her face was very white, and looked suddenly old.

All the time that she had been reasoning with Lucy she had been reasoning with herself. She had dealt with herself so severely that she was now ready to give that which conscience demanded.

She opened the oak chest. There lay her few treasures—books which Peter had given her, that she cherished more than she would have done jewels.

She caught her lip between her teeth, but the hesitation was mental, not moral. Like Lucy, she was seeing visions.

She saw herself sitting in the school-room, reading these books, feeding her hungry mind upon the feast that they spread for her. But they were all associated with Peter, she had read them in the light of his mind, he had shared them with her. She could not look at them without, at the same time, seeing the face of her dearly-loved master.

Then she saw herself growing old, with haunted eyes, with disappointed heart, longing for that which could never be, and soured by the denial.

Then she saw herself as she meant to be. She was free, because her own soul's master. She was full, because she had renounced; she loved still, but with no desire for recompense, no thought of return, giving out perpetually like the sun, but not receiving.

To attain such a height she must cut off her right hand and pluck out her right eye. She must set her face firmly in the direction she meant to go. It would be a road of toil, loneliness, sacrifice. She must never cast so much as a glance at that other path, with all its alluring lights and gorgeous flowers, which yet smelled of death.

She lifted the books one by one, and laid them on the fire. The white pages

grew luminous, the black letters grew blacker, a splash, like blood, blotted them out; they rolled up like a scroll and fell to ashes.

Peter Fleming came to the cave on his way home; for he saw the light. Joel was better, and as Timothy was remaining behind at the shepherd's Rest with him, there was no reason why he should stay.

Barbara did not hear the shuffle of his feet on the grass; and unknown to her he was a witness to her action of burning her books. He stood for a moment, hesitated whether to speak, then stole away, as though he had been prying into a secret chamber that his eyes had no right to see.

He knew that Barbara would come no more to the night-school. He understood her reasons, and bitterly reproached himself for the sorrow that he had brought upon her. He thought of her fine soul and deplored the narrowing and stifling of her intellect, that must follow this deliberate cutting off of herself from such sources of life.

Yet he felt exalted too. In spite of all, he was lifted by the knowledge of her strength. She seemed to rise and fill the night with her spreading hair, and wide blue eyes, an embodiment of the power of love, which holds all human hearts in the hollow of its immortal hands.

(To be continued.)

THE BROKEN MEN OF FRANCE.

The particular hospital, where, for the last eighteen months, I have been brought into almost daily touch with the wounded fighting men of France, stands barely a couple of miles away from the Eiffel Tower. A large garden surrounds it, and the unfashionable but airy suburb in which it is situated retains traces of having been, half a century ago, a countrified region of gardens

and cottages. Before the war, alas! six-storied houses, provided, according to the advertisement placarded above the entrance, with "le confort moderne" impertinently raised their heads here and there; but, so far, they have not completely supplanted the old-fashioned dwellings, half villas, half cottages with shady gardens, that take away from this particular district the cramped and

dreary aspect of certain working suburbs. It is not a fashionable quarter, neither is it hopelessly dingy and sordid.

Before the fateful 1st of August, 1914, the big, white house, now marked with the sign of the Red Cross, was the novitiate of a popular religious order, founded some fifty years ago. Its members are, in the most literal sense of the word, the servants of the poor. Their mission is to nurse the sick poor in their own homes, to fill the place, when necessary, of the invalided mother. They do whatever work is at hand, they comb and dress the children, clean and sweep the rooms, do the marketing, cook the meals. Only one class of patients they are forbidden to approach: those who can pay. The "*Petites Sœurs*," as they are affectionately called by their clients, are deservedly popular and, some years ago, when the French Government threatened to confiscate their houses and send the Sisters adrift, the latter were kept at their post, through the energetic interference of the workmen whose families they had nursed. Irrespective of any question of religion, these honest fellows rightly argued that, as the rich can select their sick nurses, it is only just that the poor should have the same privilege. If therefore the workingmen of the "*faubourgs*" choose to have the Sisters, not because they are nuns, but because they are skillful and devoted and refuse payment, no one can gainsay their wish.

This particular order possesses houses in Great Britain and the United States; its mother house or center stands a few steps only from the Red Cross hospital, where, before the war, the novices of the Congregation were trained to their future duties. They have been removed from Paris for the time being, and, in their old home, a succession of wounded soldiers have been either tenderly prepared for death or skillfully nursed back to life.

The nursing staff consists of the Sisters themselves. Those who approach the wounded soldiers have had proper training and possess the required certificates; besides which, their vocation as the sick nurses of the poor has given them a fund of technical knowledge, happily supplemented by personal experience. Since the war they have proved themselves the competent nurses of the *grands blessés*, to whom this particular hospital is devoted.

Around the white-robed, white-veiled nuns, move a few lay women, their voluntary assistants; some help to dress the wounds, others, not being certificated, fulfil humbler duties; all are willing to help as seems best. A surgeon, who is a man of high repute, brings his up-to-date methods and experience into the conventual atmosphere. He is assisted by a doctor, who calls the men "*mes enfants*" and spares neither his time nor his pains. The Sisters form a band of disciplined workers, and the lay *infirmières* fall in obediently with whatever is required of them. Thus are avoided the rubs and jars that often break the peace of feminine associations. The hours spent in the hospital bring one very close, not only to the grim realities of war, but also to the mental attitude of the French peasant and workman.

The horrors of the line of fire are evoked by the sight of these maimed and broken fighting men, who are carried on stretchers from the ambulance motors into the wards. Their tattered and stained uniforms are still covered with the white mud of the trenches in Champagne. A young adjutant has lost his speech, another, the victim of gas, is the color of an orange, and his fits of suffocation are painful to witness. One December morning there was brought in from Arras another adjutant, a mere lad from Lorraine, whose fractured limbs had not been dressed for several days. On arriving, he whispered

that he had something to say, and the words "my sergeant" were understood. At last the kindly nuns gathered the soldier's meaning: "I want," he said, "to have a Mass said for my sergeant, who was killed"; then anxiously, "Where is my sergeant's pocketbook?" The blood-stained pocketbook was secured from the lad's tunic and put into his hands. He handled it tenderly and entrusted it to the director of the hospital "to send to the sergeant's mother." Since then I have opened and perused the notebook where the dead soldier wrote his farewell to his widowed mother. He begs her pardon for any pain he may have given her, and encourages her to accept his sacrifice. The words are simple, but they breathe the spirit of a martyr. It is pathetic to remember that the woman to whom they are written is living at Tourcoing, one of the towns held by the Germans, and till the war is over she cannot be informed of her son's death or receive his last message. When the adjutant says "mon sergent," his whole face brightens; evidently, to him, his friend was the very ideal of courage and goodness. "I promised him," he tells us, "that if I survived him I would try to save his notebook for his mother. When I found that he was missing, I went to look for his body; I looked in front of the trench—I knew that he was always to the front—and there I found him shot through the head."

The adjutant was nursed back to health, but months passed by before he could use his shattered limbs, and now, being lame for life, he is to be sent back to his native village in Lorraine. He leaves behind him in the hospital a pleasant memory; brave as a lion in the battle-field, he was loved by his comrades for his gentle, helpful kindness; yet he is only a peasant, whose old father mends the roads of his native village.

Our soldiers hail from every part of France. We have dark-eyed Southerners, fresh-colored Normans, silent Bretons; peasants from the provinces that are under the enemy's heels; sharp witted Parisians, whose battle stories must be accepted with due caution. It is curious to realize the difference of race, so clearly perceptible among our men, though certain characteristics are common to all. The Bretons are, as a rule, reticent and shy; they congregate together, if possible, and then only their faces beam and their tongues are loosened. One dreamy-eyed Breton, grievously wounded, remained with us for months; he was a village carpenter from near Dinan, and unmarried. When he was in the trenches, near Arras, last winter, his lieutenant made an appeal to the men. "Who," he said, "is willing to carry an order to X.?" naming a point that was particularly exposed. The soldiers looked at each other: they were married men, fathers of families. "All were married," said our soldier, "except one man, and he was 'promis'—affianced; I was unmarried, so I naturally came forward." He fulfilled his mission, but, being struck in the leg and hip, he had to be removed to the hospital "du St. Sacrement" at Arras. His adventures were not at an end; the hospital was shelled at intervals, and two nuns were killed. "When," he says, "the shelling became very severe, all the wounded who could possibly be moved went down to the cellars; but some remained, whom it would have been dangerous to move and I was among them. The chaplain and the nursing Sisters used to gather round our beds, reassure and encourage us. Then, when the danger was past, the wounded soldiers crawled upstairs till there was another scare."

Some few of our soldiers have a martyr's soul. A peasant from Auvergne, who died at the hospital, kept repeating "I always wished to die a martyr for my

country," and to his weeping wife he said, "Do not grieve because my wish is granted; go to the chapel and pray hard."

As a rule, however, our men cannot boast of these mystical aspirations; the courage of the very young is of a more enthusiastic nature than that of the heavy most unmilitary-looking "territoriaux," who have greater experience of life and more difficulties to contend with. Yet even these are wonderfully patient: vinegrowers from the Spanish frontier, carpenters, masons, gardeners, farmers, bank clerks, well over thirty-five, sometimes over forty, never complain! They do not express themselves in eloquent language, and their patriotism is more measured than that of the younger men, but they have, although they cannot clothe the feeling in fine words, a deep sense of duty. "It must be, it has to be gone through, we are bound to get rid of them," they say, alluding to the War, its attendant horrors and indescribable sufferings, and the invaders of their country.

The little lads of the "classe 15," the Benjamins of the French Army, often look like babies and act like heroes. "Nous avons fait du joli travail"—"We have done some fine work," cried one, who was carried in straight from Tahure after the tragic September 25, a day that filled the Paris hospitals to overflowing. On other days, after a repulse or after a long period of desultory fighting without a definite result, our wounded men from the front had a different attitude; they were not like the soldiers from Tahure, fired by success. In the latter, the military instinct of their race sprang into flame with the proud consciousness of their superiority; pale and weak, even grievously wounded their eyes brightened when they spoke of the famous advance of that memorable September day. "At a quarter past nine exactly," said one, "our cap-

tain unfolded the flag. 'My lads,' he said, 'go forward for France,' and we leaped out of the trenches. To our right the drums were beating and the *clairon* was ringing 'la charge'; to our left our men were shouting the Marseillaise. Those who have not seen this have seen nothing," concluded the soldier. Another was wounded only one hour after leaving the trenches; he bitterly regretted having "missed the end" of the wonderful sight.

The "classe 15" soldiers are not all of them so keenly alive to the heroic aspects of the War; some lads, who hailed from the remote provinces of France, could neither read nor write; there was a dazed look in their eyes, and it was difficult to make friends with the poor little waifs, who gave one the impression of having been buffeted by a storm that, physically and morally, they were unfitted to meet. Their battle experiences seemed null; they never murmured; they seemed simply not to realize the tremendous experiences through which they had passed. One pale-faced little Breton, who had probably never set his foot in the village school, could neither read nor write, and hardly spoke French; in addition to his mental deficiencies, he was handicapped by the loss of his military papers. He was vague as to his parents' address, vaguer still as to the date of his own birth. At last another Breton soldier was found who served as go-between, and, in their own dialect, the two conversed to such good purpose that the necessary information was obtained and the silent little soldier's family was duly communicated with. The friendly atmosphere of the hospital has not, however, bestowed on him the gift of speech, but his poor white face smiles if he is spoken to, and with his own countrymen, who talk Breton, he now exchanges a few words.

One wonders what these backward and ignorant little lads thought and felt during the tragic days that they have gone through! They may have suffered less than others because their perceptions were less keen, or they may, like frightened children in the dark, have endured agonies of apprehension, when surrounded by a mysterious and gigantic danger; anyhow it is safe to say, that its nobler aspects probably escaped them.

A different type is the Parisian; the Bretons are a silent race, the Parisian's gift of speech is inexhaustible. He is quick to understand and to respond; imaginative, impressionable, generous, in spite of the scepticism that he affects, inclined to boast and to relate war stories that lose nothing in the telling. An excellent type of the best class of Parisian is a young sergeant, a barber by profession, so diminutive in size that he was rejected as unfit for active service, but, by concealing himself in a provision van, he managed to reach the front. There he was brought before the captain, who threatened to punish him for leaving the post where he was employed as an auxiliary; then he went to the colonel, who laughed at his escapade; finally to the general, who gave a verdict in his favor: "You want to fight; my boy, you are not content with being useful at the depot; all right, you shall be a soldier."

This tiny fighting man soon showed that the general had judged wisely; as sergeant he acquired great influence over his comrades, and in moments of danger was always to the front. He had been brought up without any religion, and, at his own request, was baptized in a half-ruined cottage, close to Arras, ten minutes before a great attack. "The remembrance of my baptism made me more ready to meet it," he said. The soldier-priest who performed the ceremony was killed a few weeks ago, and our sergeant wept bitterly

when he heard the news: "I have lost more than a friend," he sobbed. This lad has the fearless spirit of his race; grievously wounded in the leg, he lay for some hours between the French and German lines, then at night he began to crawl towards the former, hiding in the day-time in big holes made by the shells. The long June days made his progress slow, but at last, after a prolonged fast of three days and nights, he reached a French trench, whence he was removed to a field ambulance, and then to the hospital, where I made his acquaintance.

Whatever may be their origin, our wounded soldiers have in common certain characteristics, the most distinctive of which is their love for their "petite patrie," their own particular village or district. Once they are safely landed in the hospital, their thoughts, that have been necessarily centered on the stern duty at hand, go back to their home, and its interests become paramount. Our peasant soldiers are often shy and awkward, but to talk to them of their home is a sure way of opening their hearts. It is easy if one has lived in or traveled through rural France, to find some subject in common with the man from the Pyrenees, from Artois, from Vendée or from Provence, the land of the sun. Just a word to show you have seen or read something bearing on the one subject he cares for is enough to loosen his tongue, to bring a look of pleasure and interest into his eyes. When once you have done this, you will find how even the hitherto reticent Breton follows you through the passages to show his children's photos, how another asks you to read the letters that come to him from home or else to write his letters, a great mark of confidence that obliges you to call largely on your own resources, the soldier who cannot write being generally a man of few ideas. One, who

spoke only the half Spanish "patois" of his native village in the eastern Pyrenees asked me to write what he considered a particularly difficult letter. The subject was the killing of a pig, a great event in this soldier's household. The man's dialect was so difficult to understand and there were so many explanations to give his wife concerning this grave matter that the task did, after all, prove somewhat laborious. It was accomplished, however, and a few days later I felt an honest flush of pride when I read a letter from the soldier's wife saying that "the lady had explained things very clearly."

Another woman, to whom I wrote to sympathize on the death of her son, who breathed his last in the hospital, sent touching letters in return. In one she enclosed three dried pansies for the three nurses who had attended her boy: "it is all I can give them to show my gratitude." This woman, a peasant from Poitou, had three sons; "They were better boys than you ever saw," she said; two have been killed, the third is grievously wounded!

Much has been said and written upon the desertion of rural France and the readiness with which the peasants abandon their villages to seek employment in towns. The fatal fascination of Paris is a favorite theme among contemporary moralists and sociologists. These denunciations are evidently founded on truth, and it is certain that in some districts "*la terre se meurt*," to use the title of one of M. René Bazin's most popular novels. But experience proves that there is another side to the question, and all those who approach our wounded soldiers can bear witness to their passionate love of their native soil. The most intelligent sometimes speak of public events, the others are glad and grateful to discuss only the quantity and quality of the harvest, whether the apples, chestnuts, or potatoes are

abundant or not. You feel that you have really entered their hearts when they reach the point of informing you of what interests *them* as if it touched *you*. Another flush of creditable pride came over me when a silent and decidedly unintelligent Breton, whose confidence I had tried to win, stopped me to say "Madame, you will like to hear that the potato crop is excellent this year." Evidently the soldier had grown to believe that our interests were identical.

The same love for "*la petite patrie*" broke out in an intelligent and resolute lad from New Caledonia, where his father is a clockmaker. The colony has an evil repute, and justly or not, is looked upon merely as a home for present and past convicts. To this young soldier it was paradise on earth, and when his natural reserve had been conquered he willingly enlarged on its charms. He had more instruction than his companions, and when I took him to visit Notre Dame and the Louvre he was keenly interested in the historical memories attached to both: for the first time the boy, born and bred in a colony, realized the strong and secret charm of an old country. "What strikes me most," he said, "is to feel what great events have taken place here, what a number of celebrated people have stood where we stand now."

Soldiers' stories, as a rule, cannot be believed implicitly; each fighting man, if he has no important command, sees nothing beyond what goes on in his particular corner of the field. Some incidents told to me by the New Caledonian soldier are, however, more worthy of belief on account of the narrator's thoughtful and accurate turn of mind. Spy stories are current among our soldiers; those related by George L. threw an extra light on the question. In a certain village of the "Aisne," a district notoriously lacking in morality and religion, the French troops were

received with remarks such as these: "What are you doing here? Why did you come? The Germans are powerful and rich, they will conquer France, and we would rather belong to them." The officers told the men to keep a sharp lookout upon the "Maire," to watch his comings and goings; he was surprised, a few days later, communicating with the enemy's outposts and immediately shot; his house, on being searched, proved to be, under its commonplace shell, arranged to serve as a fortress, which, with their marvelous gift of organization, the Germans would have speedily transformed into a stronghold, like those that have more than once baffled our men's efforts. But, worse than this, he had paved the way for the enemy's approach by his systematic destruction of the people's patriotism; the house may be dismantled, but the evil seeds sown in the minds of these credulous peasants will be more difficult to eradicate.

The wounded soldiers who for the last fifteen months have come and gone through our hospital are not all saints or heroes. But we must remember that being taken at random, according to the good pleasure of the military doctor at the "*gare régulatrice*"—generally La Chapelle—they represent the average French peasants and workmen. Several hundreds have by this time passed through our wards, and not once has there been among them a case of open insubordination. Before the War, these men, untouched by suffering, would probably have seemed to us uninteresting enough; the fact of having been brought face to face with a supreme duty, of having endured for a noble cause, has undoubtedly refined and elevated them. The Norman gardener who has lost his right arm, the farmer whose leg is amputated, the boy of twenty whose foot is gone, assume an heroic aspect merely because they

never rebel. "*Il le fallait bien*," they say, a commonplace phrase enough, but it conveys the sense of a compelling duty, to be performed at whatever cost.

The gentleness, docility, and civility of these men contradict any preconceived ideas as to the revolutionary spirit of the French lower orders; even the Parisians are like big children in the hands of the white-robed Sisters, whose gentle and skillful ministrations have won their hearts. Their easy responsiveness may at some future time make them a facile prey for revolutionary agitators, but at present they are as obedient and grateful as their timid peasant comrades.

When, after the War, I remember our hospital, certain scenes will rise up vividly before my mental vision. One will be the picture presented by the lighted, flower-decked convent chapel on feast days in spring. All the wounded soldiers who are able to walk are there and heartily join in the spirited "*cantiques*" that are familiar to all Frenchmen. The men who had forgotten them soon remember the hymns that they once sang as children in their village church at home. Some of these "*cantiques*" have been adapted to time of war, they have a martial ring: the old saints of France and, above all, Jeanne the liberator, are called upon to "*bouter hors de France*" the hated invader.

When the short service is over, the bandaged heads and arms, the limping gait and pale faces of the soldiers who file past, bring home to me the hideous realities of the War. Some of these men are maimed for life, but others will go back to the front with a grateful remembrance of the friendly hospital. The tiny chapel with its lights and flowers, the soft-speaking nuns, the lilacs and guelder roses peeping through the open windows, the shady garden without that makes a suitable frame-

work for the picture within—surely no greater contrast can be imagined than that of this haven of rest with the “firing line”!

Another picture is a certain ward, “la salle St. Michel,” on a winter evening. The doctors have left, the meals are cleared away, the ward is lined with beds, in which lie soldiers, mainly of the “classe 15,” pale-faced lads, who look weary enough, now that the excitement of the battle-field is a thing of the past. A man of thirty, a sergeant, who before the War was a schoolmaster in Morbihan, where the gray sea laps a melancholy coast studded with Druidical stones, sits up in bed and plays on his violin. He is no cultured artist, but with great feeling he plays marches and waltzes, wild and pathetic national airs from far-away provinces. Gradually the weary little soldiers sit up to listen, a dreamy or delighted look in their big eyes. The violinist seems himself carried away by the music, and before these emotional Latins rise up the memories of the past. The traditions and legends, The Cornhill Magazine.

the humble joys and interests of their homes, the wild Breton “landes,” bright with golden gorse, the olive groves of Provence bathed in sunshine, the Norman pastures where they once roamed, are evoked by the music. The tragedies of the firing line, that have left their stigmata on them, fade away in the dim distance, and for the moment the commonplace hospital ward is peopled only with all the poetry and picturesqueness of provincial France.

Whatever the future may bring our men—and to many it is bound to bring fresh hardships and perils—the friendly hospital of the rue X will remain among them as a grateful memory. Letters are lying before me, from the prison camps of Germany and from the fronts of France or Serbia, badly spelled and written, but full of affectionate messages to everyone, the nuns, the chaplain, the ladies, the comrades who are left behind; no one is forgotten. In fact, the letters say little or nothing of the writer's present experiences, but much of his childlike gratitude for past kindnesses.

Comtesse de Courson.

THACKERAY ON THE HUMORIST AS HERO.

When one speculates on the effects of the war on literature, one hopes that Thackeray is amongst the authors whose readers have been multiplied by the great conflict of the nations. For though he disclaims all title “to rank among the military novelists,” he was as keenly interested as a seventeenth century dramatist in different types of men-at-arms. Some of the finest pages from his pen were inspired by episodes in the mighty contests which on the early eighteenth and nineteenth centuries England and her Allies waged against the domination of Europe by a despotic war-lord. Many a lover of

the novelist must have turned anew of late to the chapters in *Esmond* that lead us from Blenheim to Malplaquet; or those in *Vanity Fair*, wherein we hear the echoes at Brussels from the field of Waterloo.

But there is another of Thackeray's works, with a less wide appeal than these two great novels, that invites renewed study in these stern days when national and individual character is being tried by such fiery tests. The lectures on *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century* were not intended to form a manual of literary criticism. They were an endeavor to

re-create a number of representative figures against the background of the Augustan or the Hanoverian age. Except Hogarth, these humorists are all men of letters. But in Thackeray's eyes, throughout these lectures, the man of letters, and the man of action are in essence the same. The happy warrior, whether he wields the pen or the sword, fights in the same spirit, is beset by kindred dangers, and in either case closes his career in victory or defeat.

The lectures were originally given in London, at Willis's Rooms, between May 21st and July 3d, 1851, and were repeated in various towns in England and Scotland; and, in the following year, in America.* Among the audience in Willis's Rooms was Carlyle, and it is impossible to read *The English Humorists* without being struck by the remarkable resemblance of Thackeray's critical "method of approach" to that of Carlyle, especially in the lectures on *Heroes and Hero-Worship*. Thackeray chooses his group of English eighteenth century notabilities because they are "humorists," and Carlyle his representative men of thought and action in all ages and countries because they are "heroes." But in each case the aim of the lecturer was to reveal the essential spirit of the men of whom he had chosen to speak. Thackeray himself took the precaution of warning his hearers at the outset that, though his subject was "Humorists," they must not expect to be entertained with "a merely humorous or facetious story."

Harlequin without his mask is a man full of cares and perplexities, like the rest of us, whose self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask or disguise or uniform he presents it to the public.

*They were first published in 1853. The recent publication of two elaborately annotated editions of them is an indication of their continued popularity.

It is this "self" of which Thackeray is always in quest throughout his lectures; seeking to penetrate to it through the writer's works, through his letters, the records of his life, and his general environment. How closely his method approximates to that of Carlyle appears most clearly from the closing passage of the lecture on "Prior, Gay, and Pope."

In considering Pope's admirable career, I am forced into similitudes drawn from other courage and greatness, and into comparing him with those who achieved triumphs in actual war. I think of the works of young Pope as I do of the actions of young Bonaparte or young Nelson. In their common life you will find frailties and meannesses, as great as the vices and follies of the meanest men. But in the presence of the great occasion, the great soul flashes out and conquers transcendent. In thinking of the splendor of Pope's young victories, of his merit, unequaled as his renown, I hail and salute the achieving genius, and do homage to the pen of a hero.

The comparison of Pope's "young victories" to those of Napoleon and Nelson is exactly in the spirit of Carlyle's famous declaration that "the Hero can be Poet, Prophet, King, Priest, or what you will, according to the kind of world he finds himself born into," and that the Poet "could not sing the Heroic warrior, unless he himself were at least a Heroic warrior too." And when we remember Pope's physical infirmities, and the limitation of his interests to the salon, the boudoir, and the schools, we feel that in comparing his early achievements to those of the mighty conqueror and seaman, Thackeray has chosen the most challenging illustration of his thesis that could be found.

In another passage in the same lecture he again emphasizes the fundamental similarity of all heroic spirits:

Mind [that there is always a certain stamp about great men; they may be as mean on many points as you and I, but they carry their great air; they speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do. . . . He who reads these noble records of a past age salutes and reverences the great spirits who adorn it.

And are there any words of Carlyle more saturated with the spirit of hero-worship than these?—

I should like to have been Shakespeare's shoe-black, just to have lived in his house, just to have worshiped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and after helping him to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latch-key, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck?

Was it because he thought that no one should venture to follow in the footsteps of James Boswell, Esq., that Thackeray did not include Johnson among his humorists? In any case, they are a dozen as they stand. If *Vanity Fair* is a novel without a hero, *The English Humorists* has no lack of them.

In his quest of eighteenth century heroes, Thackeray was naturally influenced by his own conception of what constitutes heroic character. He realized that a man may have "the great air," in spite of faults of passion, hot blood, and improvidence. But where he found, or thought he found, meanness, sentimentality, hypocrisy, or lack of chivalry to women, his condemnation was unsparing. That is why his treatment of the humorists is so much

less appreciative in some cases than in others.

The searching issues of the present world-conflict have proved with startling vividness how nobly right is Thackeray's conception of the heroic character, whether in peace or war. When applied with complete knowledge and insight, it is a true touchstone. But if the knowledge and the insight are imperfect, even such a test may partly break down.

Take, for instance, the lecture on Swift. Thackeray recognizes the lonely grandeur of his intellect and of his personality. "An immense genius; an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling." An entirely apt and illuminating simile. Yet in the course of the lecture he brings charges against him which seem to me quite inconsistent with those lofty phrases:—

If you had been his inferior in parts . . . his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if undeterred by his great reputation you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written with a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue ribbon, who flattered his vanity or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. . . . His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence.

or, again:—

I know of few things more conclusive as to the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat, on the Bench. Gay, the author of *The Beggar's Opera*—Gay, the wildest of the wits about town—it was this man that Jonathan Swift

advised to take orders, to invest in a cassock and bands, just as he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest. The Queen, and the bishops, and the world were right in mistrusting the religion of that man.

Here Thackeray accuses Swift of servility and hypocrisy in the most vulgar acceptance of the terms. He is insensible to the irony which runs through the *Tale of a Tub*, and Swift's other religious and political tracts. He does not take into consideration his intellectual scorn of fanaticism, his ambition to rise that he might serve great causes in Church and State, his idealism turned sour. The problem of Swift's inmost "self" is not one that can be probed in an hour's lecture to a miscellaneous audience, even by a Thackeray. And the treatment of the Dean's relations with Stella, vivid and moving though it is, is thrown out of perspective by the assumption that Stella, "one of the saints of English story," was a victim of Swift's ill-usage, only partly atoned for by his final sacrifice in her favor of "that young woman who lived five doors from [his] lodgings in Bury Street."

Similarly, Thackeray's acrid estimate of Sterne is due largely to the fact that, after twenty-five years of married life, Yorick, on his own confession, was "fatigatus et ægrotus de mea uxore," and was writing philandering letters to Eliza, otherwise Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq., Counselor of Bombay. Far be it from us to defend such letters, whether from Prebendaries of York or other married gentlemen in less dignified positions. But Thackeray at once assumes that all the blame lies with Sterne, and that his amorous coquettings with Eliza and other ladies were the outcome of a diseased and lachrymose sentimentality.

I suppose Sterne had this artistical sensibility; he used to blubber per-

petually in his study, and, finding his tears infectious and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping; he utilized it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains. He fatigues me with his perpetual disquiet and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties.

Such a passage contains the proverbially dangerous half-truth. It ignores two things which are essential to a just appreciation of Sterne; that his sentimentality is shot through and through with a subtle intellectuality which gives it a unique function and value; and that this sentimentality was not merely a personal attribute of the author of *Tristram Shandy*, but was one of the predominant notes of eighteenth century literature, from Richardson to Rousseau. If Thackeray had nothing better to say of Sterne, he would have done well to leave him alone.

Considering his harshness to Sterne, it is curious to find him so indulgent to Pope. It is true that Pope's tortuous proceedings about his correspondence had not been brought fully to light in 1851. Even so, one is scarcely prepared for the statement that, with some exceptions, including almost all his letters to women, "I do not know, in the range of our literature, volumes more delightful." There were two things that seem to have biased Thackeray in Pope's favor—"the constant tenderness and fidelity of affection" towards his mother, "which pervaded and sanctified his life"—and his merits as a literary artist. I have already quoted his tribute to Pope as a "hero," and without prejudice to the poet of Twickenham's commanding place in the literature of the Augustan age, the estimate seems to me as over-generous as that of Sterne is the reverse.

But there is another group of Thackeray's portraits of which we feel that

they give us the very men as they lived and moved. Addison and Steele, Fielding and Goldsmith—each of these he knew as intimately as if they had been his contemporaries. They all belonged to the type of which he had intuitive understanding—essential nobility marred by a measure, greater or less, of human frailties. Addison, it is true, "the parson in a tye-wig," stands somewhat apart from the others. "He must have been one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw; at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm. He could scarcely ever have had a degrading thought." Yet even he had his failing. "If he had not had that little weakness for wine—why, we could scarcely have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as we do."

Nor does Addison's critical, quizzing attitude towards the other sex satisfy Thackeray's exacting standard. Here it was that Steele, the reckless and improvident captain of Fusiliers, redressed the balance in his own favor:—

His heart seems to warm and his eye to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman; and it is with his heart, as well as with his hat, that he salutes her. About children and all that relates to home he is not less tender, and more than once speaks in apology of what he calls his softness. He would have been nothing without that delightful weakness. It is that which gives his works their worth and his style its charm. It, like his life, is full of faults and careless blunders; and redeemed like that by his sweet and compassionate nature. . . . I own to liking Dick Steele the man and Dick Steele the author much better than much better men and much better authors.

It needed insight and courage to rehabilitate Steele in the eyes of mid-Victorian respectability which had found in Addison, chaperoned by Macaulay, a figure after its own heart.

It needed yet greater boldness to proclaim aloud the essential nobility of the author of *Tom Jones*:—

Stained, as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindest of human beings.

And beside him, akin in courage and kindliness, but slighter and frailer, glides the gracious figure of Goldsmith. "Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. . . . He carries no weapon save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old."

Was it conscious or unpremeditated art by which Thackeray, opening his lectures amidst the hurtle and thunder of the falling empire of Swift's greatness, closes them upon soft and low pastoral airs from Goldsmith's limpid verse and prose?

I have mentioned above that literary criticism as such has an insignificant place in the volume. In the opening sentence Thackeray announced that it was of the men and of their lives rather than of their books that he intended to speak. But where he incidentally plays the critic, his judgment is, as a rule, as discerning as his expression of it is terse and lucid. Take, for instance, the few sentences which catch the very spirit of Steele's style. "The great charm of Steele's writing is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and carelessly, that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had

not the time to deceive him. He had a small share of book-learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world." With this compare the passage in which he does homage to the craftsmanship of Pope—which is the exact antithesis of Steele's:—

Men of letters should admire him as being one of the greatest literary artists that England has seen. He polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from other works to adorn and complete his own; borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet, as he would a figure, or a simile from a flower, or a river, stream, or any object which struck him in his walk, or contemplation of Nature.

It is curious to find Thackeray, in the middle of the nineteenth century, eulogizing Pope's style with such a whole-hearted fervor. He seems serenely unconscious of Wordsworth's attack on the "poetic diction" of the Augustan age, or of the pre-Raphaelite crusade on behalf of nature and simplicity which had been begun in *The Germ*, in the year before his lectures were delivered. The conscientious finish, the urbanity, the allusiveness of Pope's art appealed to kindred qualities in the novelist's own literary methods. But his enthusiasm does not stop short this side of idolatry when he declares that in the final passage of *The Dunciad* beginning, She comes, she comes, the sable throne behold,

Of Night primæval and of Chaos old,

Pope "reaches to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times." And in quite a different field of literature, *Humphrey Clinker* gets something more than its deserts when it is voted to be "the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel writing began."

But to many readers the most delightful passages in the book are those in

which, with a broad brush, Thackeray paints the social background against which his humorists played their parts. Here he characteristically relies not upon the historians and biographers, but upon the novelists, essayists, and caricaturists:—

I take up a volume of Dr. Smollett, or a volume of *The Spectator*, and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time: of the manners, of the movements, the dress, the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?

"We arrive," he laments, "at places now, but we travel no more." If this could be said in 1851, what verb would the lecturer have substituted today? And from the fiction and periodicals of our more complex age will some magician of the twenty-first century conjure up such a picture of Georgian London before the war as Thackeray does of the capital in the time of Queen Anne?

The Maypole rises in the Strand again; the churches are crowded with daily worshipers; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses; the gentry are going to the drawing-room; the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops; the chairmen are jostling in the streets; the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors.

He stands beside Addison as he gazes out of his window "at Ardelia's coach as she blazes to the Drawing Room. with her coronet and six footmen, and, remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the City, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her ear-ring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box."

He looks over the shoulder of Hogarth and sees "how the Lord Mayor dines in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night-cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet."

As we read such passages, we are not merely catching vivid glimpses of the Capital two hundred years ago, we are being shown something of the process of Thackeray's development as a novelist. It is not an accident that the lectures on the *Humorists* were first delivered in the year before the publication of *Esmond*. Hitherto, especially in *Vanity Fair* and *Fendennis*, Thackeray had painted the life and manners of the early and middle nineteenth century. But his method was in lineal descent from that of Fielding, and by a natural impulse he turned, after a time, to the eighteenth century for a subject suited to his art in its grandest style. Here he could not rely solely on his own penetrating genius. With a lofty concep-

The Contemporary Review.

tion of the allegiance to truth to which the historical novelist is bound, he had set himself to master the documents which preserve the form and presence of the age of Queen Anne and her successors. Of this study the *Humorists* is the preliminary and *Esmond* the crowning outcome. The lectures are an imperishable possession on their own account, for their brilliant, if not always impartial portraiture, their social vignettes, their subtly modulated prose harmonies, and the light that they throw on Thackeray's conception of the heroic ideal in life and in art. But beyond this they are the antechamber through which we shall do well to pass into that glorious imaginative structure where real eighteenth century figures—Marlborough and the Pretender, Addison and Steele, mingle forever with the offspring of the novelist's creative genius, Beatrix, Henry Esmond, Lady Castlewood—

Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality.

F. S. Boas.

THE BOAR'S FOOT.

BY MRS. BRIAN LUCK.

CHAPTER I.

Every Frenchman is at heart a detective. M. Achille Beaulande, being a Frenchman, was no exception to the rule; and, further, as every detective, professional or amateur, has to be a good actor as well, Achille did not neglect that point either, and was, so to speak, a Vidocq, an Arsène Lupin, and a Coquelin rolled into one. He was other things as well: an epicure, a linguist, a connoisseur in clothes, and a casual amorist. Incidentally he was a large and prosperous apple-grower from Picardy, and a very good friend. You will see, in this little episode of his career, which of these rôles he played the best.

He stood on the wide steps of his hotel at Monte Carlo; and, though it was only half-past eleven, and in March, the sun was very hot. Two little tables were just outside on the wide top step, and at one of them sat a fair American, well dressed, friendly. She had played a rubber of bridge with him the week before.

"Good-morning, monsieur," cried the lady. "You are waiting to go out with your Englishman, I suppose?"

Achille bowed, and when he bowed it was something very beautiful and moving. It invited, it suggested, it conquered, like the abbé's voice when he only said, "Madame."

"I do wish you would introduce him to me," she said. "He is so good-looking, so distinguished, so smart, even if he is sixty. And you know him well, too, don't you?"

"Madame, I could not possibly say I know him well. I say zat of no one, least of all of an Englishman. Every March he comes here for a month. The last three Marches I also have come here for a month, zat is all."

"Well, you go about together a lot, and I'd got the notion you knew him pretty well. He's a widower, isn't he?"

"So I believe, madame."

"A son, isn't there? Do you know?"

"I regret, madame, I do *not* know," replied Achille, seeking for escape.

"Sir Donald Carnegie," she pursued reflectively. "He's a coin-collector, isn't he?"

"I believe so. What zey call 'an English country gentleman'; yet I never hear people say 'an English town gentleman.' Zat is vairy curious. I must find out. *Tiens!* I go, I fly, I tear myself away, madame; but I see him impatient for me at the bottom of the steps."

Another beautiful bow, and Achille was gone.

The man whom he joined was certainly smart and distinguished, as the lady had said. He was tall and upright, with fine features and a gray mustache. He walked well, and wore well-made clothes, and women looked at him. The clothes were always gray for the daytime, and the gray hair and the gray mustache, and his very blue eyes, made him noticeable.

Achille lit a cigarette and walked along with his friend.

"The lady on the steps, zat American who plays bridge, would like to meet you," he began.

"Very kind of her. Tell her I've got measles, or glanders, or a most infernal temper—which is true. I don't want to meet any woman."

"All right," returned Achille placidly.

"I'll tell her you are an Englishman. Zat will explain all. She is not stupid."

"English? Who said I was English?" demanded Sir Donald. "I'm not English; I'm Scotch. And I thank God for it," he added.

"Ten thousand pardons. I regret infinitely"; and M. Beaulande's hat and hand described an interesting parabola in the air.

"Not at all, not at all," replied the old gentleman. "Well, where shall we sit? The usual place?"

It was just three years ago, reflected Achille, that he first met the Carnegies. The wife had been alive then, a nice woman, and had been very good-looking—yes, was good-looking even then. The fact had not escaped him. He, not knowing them, had rendered her a small service, an ordinary courtesy, the night before they left; "a nothing, a real nothing," Achille would say; "but then it is 'nothing' that endears you to a woman."

They had left the next day, and he did not see them again. The following March Sir Donald, true to his custom, had returned, but alone. Achille was at the hotel for his month's holiday; and, recognizing the baronet in the hall, he raised his hat. Sir Donald had not forgotten him either, and they spoke for a few minutes. Presently Achille asked after Lady Carnegie. Was she there? Was she coming?

"She is dead," said Sir Donald gravely.

Achille said nothing. First he stared, and then he had the good thought to raise his hat again, which he did, and stood uncovered a moment.

And that made their friendship. Sir Donald was touched by the silence, by what he interpreted as the deep and unexpressed sympathy of the Frenchman. The respect conveyed in that simple action of raising his hat was what reached the widower's heart.

But I am sorry to say that the real reason of M. Beaulande's silence was that he was bereft of speech. "What!" he said to himself; "this Englishman passes the month of March, year after year, in this delightful spot, in company with the wife of his bosom, at least of his shirt-front, stiff and starched. Here they spend the most delicious of hours in a land of orange blossom and sunshine. And yet! *poudre de Perlimpimpim!*" (Which was his favorite expletive), "here he comes again after his wife's death, unchanged, unmoved!"

"I will certainly say you have the glanders," murmured Achille; "but, if it is difficult now to parry that lady's questions, it will become infinitely more difficult later on to answer them, when she hears zat you are infectious. And of such a disease, too! So dangerous, so unsuitable for a hotel!"

The blue eyes opposite gleamed for a moment with amusement.

"What questions does she ask of me?"

"*Mon Dieu!* she'll ask anything, zat lady. She wished to know, this morning, if you had not a son."

And then Achille got a surprise. He was looking vaguely across at his friend in pure amusement, without a tinge of curiosity, and then he saw a transformation. He saw his friend's face grow hard, his mouth set in a tight line; and he saw the eyes that he liked so much flash dangerously. Bright, angry light shot out; wild, terrible anger; then, in a moment, it was all over.

"I have no son," said Sir Donald harshly.

But Achille had seen.

"Shall we go for a turn?" asked his companion. "It's only twelve o'clock. Come and get an English paper."

As they walked along Achille opened his eyes and stared with all his might. For coming toward them was the very replica of Donald Carnegie, but that he was thirty years younger. The same figure, the same walk, the same

face. Fine features somewhat tanned, a small mustache that was brown, not gray, but precisely the same clear-cut chin, and precisely the same bright blue eyes. Even the suit was gray, a flannel thing for yachting, and he wore white deck-shoes.

And he was coming nearer. Achille still stared with all his eyes. He could have sworn that they were father and son; moreover, that they both went to the same tailor.

Perhaps it was Achille's steady, unwinking gaze that caused the young man to look at him. His eyes then fell on the tall, well-preserved figure in the gray suit. The stranger half stopped. Then he came on. He was quite close now. A wave of color came slowly into his face. It came to his cheeks and mounted to his forehead. He raised his hat and looked at Sir Donald.

Sir Donald walked on.

"Ah," said Achille to himself as he also walked on beside his friend, "then the Scotch are English after all, only more so."

The young man had been cut—cut dead, as they say, and presumably—well, presumably by his own father. He was well dressed and debonair. Therefore it was to be inferred that he, not being of a Latin race, was not peniless. He had means, good looks, *chic*. Ah, what an entrancing mystery!

Achille, wise in his generation, pretended that he had seen nothing, and presently they went back to the hotel.

When Sir Donald was tired of sunning himself and watching the people, he always wandered off to the jeweler's and curiosity shops to look at their coins. Far away, up in the chilly North, he had a collection of Provençal coins that was famous in both Europe and America. There were Roman coins from Orange and Valence, there were those of the date of King René, and there was, greatest gem of all, a

very well-preserved specimen of "the Boar's Foot."

If you go to Nîmes you will see the beautiful Roman house there, and its collection of Roman objects and implements. You will see specimens of a coin struck by the Romans at Nîmes, bearing on one side the figure of a crocodile. And there is a peculiarity of these coins that renders them unique in the world. The smooth circumference is broken at one point by a small projection of the metal. It sticks out, a tiny three-cornered thing shaped like a boar's foot. Hence the name. Only a few specimens are known in Europe; some are at Nîmes, one in London, and two at Petrograd. Sir Donald Carnegie was the envied owner of one of these coins, and it was his most valued possession.

This treasure was generally kept locked away in a velvet-lined box, but on this particular visit to Monaco it accompanied its owner. Sometimes he looked at the little crocodile lying placidly in its velvet bed; and sometimes he would lift it gently, holding it by the edges between finger and thumb. Yes, it was a great treasure, well preserved, and, thank Heaven! genuine.

Today he called upon Gobert, a well-known jeweler and numismatist.

"Anything to tempt me today?" he asked at the doorway.

"Ah, Sir Carnegie, what a pleasure to see you here once more! Since last week I have these two coins. See, how admirable, how perfect! And this very year they are four hundred years old. Think there."

"I am afraid I have these," said Sir Donald.

"These here, then? They are beautiful. Rare also."

"These too. I have them all."

"Alas! it is impossible to show you what you have not got; you have all. But stay; I have here a forging that will interest you. But something rav-

ishing, something perfect. It is a reproduction of "The Foot of the Boar."

The jeweler opened a little box and took out of it a small coin, and gazed with professional pride at it.

"*Ecoutez!* I do not say it is a good thing to do to make false coins; it is a business that hurts my own. Still, when a *cambricoleur* has the talent—nay, the genius,—to produce a thing as ravishing, as wonderful, as that, *mon Dieu!* then I admire him and the coin too."

Sir Donald lifted the spurious coin.

"I ought to know about these things," he said slowly; "but unless you had assured me that this was a counterfeit I really should not have known. Who made it?"

"The man who made it is dead, monsieur. Look, I will show you how to tell the difference; it is very slight. See, in this coin the tail of the crocodile twists a little bit up; in a genuine coin the tail twists a little down. You see?"

"I see; so it does. Mine does, I know. I mean the tail of my crocodile. Is that all?"

"That is all, except, of course, that they are hundreds of years apart in age. But the thing is marvelous—marvelous."

"It is marvelous," agreed Sir Donald. "I happen to have mine with me this time, and I'll bring it along to-morrow to compare it with yours."

"Then you will not have this one, monsieur?"

"No, no, I won't buy it, thank you. Put it in your window. It will attract anyone who knows."

He had hardly gone half-an-hour when a couple of young foreigners, by the cut of them English, came into the shop. One was a clean-shaven youth with longish hair under a peaked sailing-cap, and the other was a tall, bronzed man, with bright blue eyes and features uncommonly like those of the old client, Sir Carnegie.

Now there was no coincidence in the young man coming into the shop. His eye had been attracted by the odd coin in the window, and as he knew about such things, and was interested in them, in he came. Precisely as Sir Donald had said.

"That coin in the window? Ah! certainly. A spurious one; but, as you see, very perfect. There is not another known in the world."

"There are not many originals in the world, are there?" said he with the blue eyes.

"There are only six or seven. Monsieur is interested in coins? He collects, perhaps?"

"No. But what is the price of that?"

The Frenchman named his figure.

"I say, Donald," drawled the long-haired youth, "you're not going to buy that rotten little thing, are you?"

His friend did not answer him.

"That seems a good deal," he said in reply to the jeweler. "And you say it is an imitation."

"*Parfaitement*. It is an imitation. Also, as I know it to be a modern coin, and sell it as such, I would do so on the understanding that you accept it equally and would not expose, describe, or sell it as genuine."

"All right. I will buy it. As an imitation, of course, and I shall not try to pass it off as the real thing."

"It is to protect myself," said Gobert. "I should not like people to suppose I had sold you a false for a real coin. Though it is easy to see the difference if you take it to Nîmes. The real ones have the crocodile's tail going downward a little; this one has the tail going up."

"I see—I see," said the young man, for all the world exactly like Sir Donald Carnegie. And he paid for the coin and went out.

"What in thunder do you want a dirty little thing like that for?" asked his friend in mild surprise. "Not as

if it were a real one, you know." And they went to *Ciro's* for some beer.

Beer is good at many times; but it is surprisingly and insidiously good at four-thirty in the afternoon. A golden joy capped with a snowy cloud of froth, what more alluring to the eye? And it is so good, too, just the moment before and the moment after it is drunk.

Now, Achilles, when he was in the mood, oftentimes had a coffee or an *eau sucree* at *Ciro's*. And this afternoon, coming across the square, he felt very much in the mood for it. For his sharp black eyes fell upon the figures of the two Britons, and the detective in him awoke again. He took a seat at a table, and saw the upright figure of his friend pass, stop, and his clear eyes scan the place for some sight of Achilles.

Achille lost no time. He waved a hand and a hat, while his expressive face implored, entreated his friend to come.

And all because the wicked Achilles knew that to reach him the old gentleman would have to pass the table where the two young men were sitting, and he wished to see what would happen. When he actually saw what did happen he was sorry that he brought it about.

Sir Donald came slowly through the crowd. Now, whether he with the blue eyes thought that the non-recognition of the morning was intentional or not, that I do not know; but he acted as though he thought it had been a mistake. When the old man came close to them, as he was obliged to do very slowly because of the crowd, the young man rose to his feet and lifted his hat. Then he stood for a moment, uncovered, and quite still.

Sir Donald passed on tranquilly, and seated himself beside Achilles. He called a waiter and ordered a coffee and cognac.

"*Poudre de*!"—began Achilles to himself. "What a nerve! But, alas! what

a heart! It is not a heart at all; it must be a parallelogram of phosphor-bronze."

The young Englishman went away.

Monsieur Beaulande took out a cigarette—the fifteenth that day. He was quite delighted to observe that his friend's hand was shaking as he put down the coffee-cup.

"And what have you been doing with yourself, *cher ami*?" he began pleasantly. And he was told of the visit to the jeweler's, and the strain was relaxed. Achille, who hated coins, had to hear the history of the Boar's Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

Foot (of which he had never heard), and of the false specimen at Gobert's shop.

"I'll show you mine one day. I have it here with me, locked up."

"I should like to see it," murmured the polite Frenchman; "it must be a great treasure."

"Yes; and if there was another to be had for love or money I'd have it. But there isn't. There are only seven in Europe, and they are all known."

Achille nodded and smiled, but his thoughts were far away.

THE AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW AGAIN.

The war has now lasted for over eighteen months, during which period virtually every leading question which can arise in time of war between belligerents and neutrals has been discussed in some form or other between the American Government, the Central Powers and the Allies. The American Government has protested regarding the trade, the property and the lives of its people. In all these discussions the American point of view has been quite clearly revealed; and it has never varied for a moment. The description of the American point of view given in the *Saturday Review* of November 13, 1915, in an article entitled "The American Point of View," applies today without the change of a single phrase. Nevertheless, it still fails to be accepted or understood even by some very shrewd and careful observers. As each "crisis" occurs and passes we find people in London who still talk as though America were on the point of coming into the struggle, as though the motives which moved her were bound sooner or later to embroil her with Germany, as though the tension between New York and Berlin were rising to the point of war. There is really no ground for any of

these expectations. But they appear to be quite inveterate.

The American Government has not, at any time since war broke out, regarded the War from any other point of view than that of a neutral. The American Government, during the last eighteen months, has never once lost sight of its main intention, which was certainly to keep well clear of the European catastrophe. Whenever there has seemed to be any danger of American public feeling running too high for immediate suppression (never a very serious danger, but one necessarily to be reckoned with), the American Government has invariably played for time. Its policy all through has been one of skillful postponement—a policy in which Germany has usually been ready to meet it halfway. By means of Notes, of seeking explanations and looking for formulæ, the American President has fitted the American mind with a cooling system or radiator whereby any possible passion of the moment may be neutralized. There is nothing in the *Lusitania* correspondence to suggest that America ever intended extremes, provided that Germany would allow the discussion to proceed. The "formula" found for

its settlement—its precise terms are quite immaterial so far as any principle is concerned—is a natural finish to the diplomatic alarms and excursions which preceded it. Germany has well played her part in the diplomatic comedy, cleverly adapting her tone to the system of Notes and Queries adopted at Washington. In every case her procedure has been the same.

Whenever President Wilson has had any reason to fear that the small war party in America might be able to work upon the general temper of the country the German Government has played, parallel with the President, for time and prudence. Then, when the "crisis" had passed, Germany could again stiffen her knees, and the circle could begin afresh. For instance, now that the *Lusitania* "formula" has been found, another question is opened by a new Note from Germany, as to the arming of merchantmen. This takes the negotiating parties back to starting point.

It has yet to be driven home to a large proportion of the public that America at large looks upon this war in a totally different way from those educated Americans with whom we sometimes discuss the merits of the Allied cause in London or Paris. Our general misconception as to the American point of view is largely due to the fact that the Americans we meet in England or France today belong to that small section—the sensitive section—of the American public which is heart and mind with the Allies in their struggle with Germany. But the American nation is not at all likely to go to dire extremes simply because Mr. Henry James naturalized himself in Great Britain, or because there is an American ambulance in France, or because in August, 1914, there was a spontaneous feeling among certain Americans on behalf of Belgium, and a furious indignation with the Power which had

stealthily prepared to claim by force the hegemony of Europe. The section of the American public which regards the War as a crusade against a Government responsible for the sack of Louvain, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and the Zeppelin raids upon England is not by any means a majority; and it is politically balanced by an opposed minority on the other side which is not really American at all, but a separatist colony of German immigrants. The bulk of America does not regard the War either as a crusade of the Allies or as a splendid German adventure. It regards it simply as an event which has closed certain markets to American trade and has opened others. The War, as a war, it regards as strictly a European affair. It requires of its President and representative that he should keep America out of it, and do his best for the interests of America.

This is a perfectly intelligible view. It is not a high or heroic view. It is not idealist or generous. It does not warm the blood like the view of our friend, Mr. Roosevelt and those Americans who would like to see their country playing a fine, historic part. We do not imagine that the unborn generations of America will thrill to read the *Lusitania* correspondence or that their hearts will beat a little faster than usual when they follow the adventures of President Wilson in search of a "formula"—a formula whereby a Power which will assuredly figure as Apollyon in years to come might suitably compound for the murder of American citizens.

Nevertheless, we really have no right to demand of America that she should play a lofty and quixotic part in European affairs, and we shall be well advised not to nudge or hint at America that it is her duty to be magnificent. America has a right to her own views and her own way of dealing with her own affairs. The only drawback to the particular form in which

President Wilson decorates the very practical and worldly policy of his nation is that it rather encourages people in England in their delusions as to the American point of view. The President has a gift for fine phrases, such as "We are a body of idealists, much more ready to lay down our lives for thought than for dollars." When he puts America's shrewd policy in this particular way the public in Great Britain tends to become a little confused. Perhaps it would be better if the public here, instead of pretending to understand the euphemisms of American public life, would fix their attention more particularly upon what the American Government has actually done in its dealings with Germany on the one hand and with ourselves on the other. President Wilson, pleading with his countrymen for armaments, is not our affair. We shall learn very little by making ourselves eavesdroppers upon American domestic politics. Our concern is with "Notes" addressed to the British Foreign Office and with the steps actually taken by America to protest against the murder of American citizens at sea. When we confine our-

The Saturday Review.

selves to these perfectly intelligible departments of American statesmanship, we find a constant evidence of its intention to keep America true to the letter of a strict neutrality. The bulk of America expects its President to keep the War well away from its doors and to obtain the best terms it can for its trade.

These are the facts, and it would be well if the British public agreed to accept them. Our grateful sympathy will continue to go out to those Americans who have made the Allied cause morally their own; and we may privately regret that a fine, historic opportunity to show a disinterested passion on behalf of an idea has been refused by a great and powerful nation. But these very natural feelings are no excuse for self-deception. It is time the facts were faced. America in bulk has come to the conclusion that she does not desire to pose heroically or to play the Quixote on behalf of a threatened civilization. She has tacitly agreed with friend and foe alike not to count morally in the Great War. It is for us simply to note her decision, and conduct ourselves accordingly.

THE ITALIAN FRONT: IN THE TRENCHES.

The Italians are more Spartan in warfare than most of their Allies. They have no barbers, bathrooms, beds, lounges, libraries or creature comforts in their trenches; practically no protection, just a long ditch, a heap of stones and a slender covering of brushwood. Sixty days without a wash or a change of raiment is nothing out of the common. One frugal meal a day is served with military punctuality. Hunger, however, they tell me, is not so great a tyrant as the perpetual thirst, which sets the whole body in an agony, rendering men insensible to the wounds

and deaths of their best friends. They open their mouths to try and refresh themselves with a little icy air, and their mouths are immediately filled with burning earth. Blessed is the rain when it comes and fills a few pan-nikins, even though it dislodges the stone parapets and makes knee-deep mud and renders all the mountain paths like rinks.

In the trenches, everybody and everything is earth-stained. The dainty, gray-green uniforms have been soaked in slime ever since the Italian war began. The motionless soldiers look like

mummies or gaunt sacks of rags. The sky weeps, the trees shed frozen tears, the cannons groan, the bullets sigh. What heroism to maintain a stout heart in such a woeful atmosphere! Yet the officers' great difficulty has been to restrain the exuberant joy of their men. Newcomers have always wanted to laugh and shout and sing under fire. It is only after long training that they learn that noise assists the enemy's aim, that silence (one of the first commandments of Cadorna's decalogue) is an essential of safety, that Machiavelli was right when he compared love with war because "their successes are best matured in silence."

When at last the sun does shine, all are instantly stimulated to higher spirits, though his appearance is always the signal for redoubled cannonades. Sometimes the great guns go on booming and reverberating along the valleys for days and days; then the rains and clouds come down and there is a silence that may be felt.

It affords a strange sensation to stand on some high place and watch the effect of a bombardment on the enemies' lines. You may see their trenches catching fire by spontaneous combustion, like fermenting ricks, and belching dense columns of smoke which circle slowly up towards the sky. Or else little white clots of cloud appear in rows above their earthworks, following one another like candles being lighted on some high altar.

The most famous of the Austrian defenses, which runs from San Michele to Monfalcone, has been dubbed by Italians *trincerone*, "the big trench." It was dug in zigzags, cemented and armored like a fortress, protected by a wide field of mines; having the shape of a horseshoe, it could rake both flanks as well as the front of an advancing force. In front of it was the most prodigious wire entanglement yet seen in the war, each wire being nearly

half an inch thick and defiant of any nippers, defiant even of ordinary cannon; the only way to uproot them was with big shell bursting a yard in front and exploding their strong foundations. Again and again, fruitless efforts were made to cut the wires. Two hundred volunteers rushed out and not one came back. Two hundred and yet another two hundred followed with the same result. To approach this almost impregnable battery, it was first necessary to cross the Isonzo, an exploit that will ever be counted among the most glorious of Italian warfare! Then the enemy flooded the intervening territory to put any further advance quite out of the question. At some points the floods were over six feet deep. But the Italians are of Napoleon's opinion that many things are difficult, but none are ever impossible. They opened sluices and closed dykes and soon reduced the flood to a quagmire, threw planks and bridges over it, and waded with mud up to their waists. Then, after three days of frightful artillery, they took the *trincerone*, Lord knows how, rushing it like demons, seeming to tear away the stiff wire work with their teeth, leaping the armored and cemented trenches, and bursting upon the affrighted enemy like a tidal wave.

The Italian method of trench defense is more deliberate and more efficacious than the Austrian. Orders are to reserve fire until the last moment. Not a breath, not a movement, not a sign of life until the Philistines be right upon them. Then an avalanche of flame from every rifle and every machine-gun, a sudden holocaust of hundreds, followed by the surrender of thousands. In one such onslaught, by the irony of fate, it was found that every enemy wore an armlet inscribed "*Nach Rom*"!

The Austrian trenches are often only forty or fifty, their outposts fifteen yards away, and rough chaff is often exchanged between the opposing lines.

There are polite allusions to macaroni and mandolines and (for some cryptic reason) umbrellas from the one side; references to hounds, swine, barbarians, from the other; and Cecco Beppe, the contemptuous nickname for Francis Joseph, is frequently taken in vain. But the insults are usually good-humored. The stock conversation is for the Austrians to proclaim that they are on their way to Rome, and for the Italians to answer, "Perhaps, as prisoners."

The precision of Austrian artillery is certainly inferior to that of the Italian. Before a bombardment of Italian trenches from afar, the occupants of the front Austrian trenches are always withdrawn, lest they should be hit by their own side. But the Italian gunners are justly confident in their aim and clear away the enemy's hosts and trenches in front of a headlong Italian charge.

Most of the Italian trenchmen's time seems to be devoted to carrying great sacks of earth in every direction. They hug them even while trying to rush the Austrian lines, dump them down to form primitive cover when the fire becomes too hot, and sometimes empty them on the enemy's heads on reaching their trenches.

What has impressed me most about the trench life is the intense feeling of
The New Witness.

brotherliness which it engenders between officers and men. This does not relax discipline. Indeed, the men do not respect or like an officer who does not know his own mind or fails to impose it. Meanwhile, they chaff, they jest, they are familiar, like sons or brothers in the presence of a beloved elder. And there is much voluntarism in their active service, though it has some drawbacks in practice. Call for ten men for a desperate enterprise and a couple of hundred offer themselves immediately; ask for men to dig trenches in comparative safety and all remain mute.

One might imagine that men of a nervous, high-strung, vivacious temperament would soon be overwhelmed by the endless monotony of the trenches, but the Italians have been so thoroughly galvanized by the intensity of their patriotism that nothing seems to damp their ardor. The only times I have seen human nature reassert itself among them has been when they were wounded. As soon as they were tucked up in hospital, they slept heavily for days. Their weariness acted as an anæsthetic, and seemed to render them insensible to pain. They almost welcomed the wounds which had procured them the long forgotten luxury of bed.

Herbert Vivian.

FAST COLORS.

Under the bedroom window is one of the favorite shrubs of the whole garden—*Spiræa Anthony Wateri*. The coral-like masses of salmon-pink blossom are a vanished picture of summer, as the bright pink opening of the leaves are a still more distant memory of spring. The leaves went green, performed their function, and fell off; the blossoms burned with love, and left behind them red-brown seeds. The

long, clean cane-like branches are in everlasting orange-bronze. The sunshine could not alter their color, nor can the driving rain of winter wash out a scrap of it. The live sap within keeps it blushing, and the more latent life of the seeds keeps the panicles that have replaced the blossom less bright, but quite unvanishing.

To the spiræa bush comes every morning, as soon as it is light enough to

see, a little party of bullfinches. The hens are in a sober garb that brightens the red branches and seed clusters by contrast, but the gallant males are like bright blossoms on the tree. None could help remarking the cherry-red of their broad breasts, bright as the Lady Gay roses that once filled the pergola behind them. But the eye that has them for feast every morning, and almost at every hour of the day is never tired of picking out new details of their composite beauty, the exact masterly extent of their shallow blue-black caps matched in color by the tail and the tips of the wings, the gradual shading of the rose into the French gray of a purple cloud, the points of ivory where the bars of the wings peep through, the purity of the remote ventral surface, and the flashing recognition mark like that of summer swallows when the little troop flies off, and leaves the shrub alone in its quiet orange-bronze. Transient roses and lilies are well enough in simple splashes of color or form, but no touch of harmony or contrast is too much in the painting of a work that has to stand the rains of winter and cheer us through the dark season.

Some little villain has been digging up our crocus bulbs, betrayed by their green tips, and making food of them at the expense of a joyous March. One day we caught him at it, and had not the heart to slay him. In his fawn-red jacket and white waistcoat, the field mouse keeps himself as clean and bright among the muds of winter as among wood anemones and blue-bells. Sometimes we see him high in a hedge feeding on the red haws or perhaps the first green shoots of the honeysuckle. He will not easily go down. It costs so much trouble to climb so high that he will dare purblind man a good deal further than he would on the flat. And so he makes, perched among the dark coral berries, a picture full of tiny unexpected details of beauty.

Nature works her fast colors into material far more delicate than fur and feather. No pattern is more fragile than the dusty mosaic of the butterfly's wing. The wind has but to touch it against a grass-blade, and it is scratched beyond repair. A week on the wing, even in May weather, destroys the freshness of the orange tip, and makes a dowdy insect of it. The blue butterflies of August are soon so faded from their original tints that we can scarcely tell one species from another. Even in the glazed seclusion of the cabinet, the beauties that belong to high summer are very little like what they were when caught fresh from the chrysalis. In the rude jostling of Nature, they are almost as evanescent as the rainbow and the sunset.

Nature has, however, some fast colors even for the scales of the butterfly's wing. On a fine day among these cold and wet and muddy ones, a butterfly may come out from a stone-heap or other unthought-of place, and flash back the rays of the sun with his best mirror. No scratch of the hard stone has disturbed the dainty down, no mildew, has tumbled it, no damp has ever darkened it. The pretty arrangement of hard, bright colors that make the small tortoiseshell, the red admiral, and the peacock the best-loved of all our butterflies, would mark them out as butterflies that hibernate, if we did not know that their family has almost a monopoly in this habit. There are brown-reds and almond-yellows and black and white, and a strongly blended scarlet, making a pattern almost indestructible while the thing they are painted on is intact, but also little decorations within the picture: in violet and lemon, and other dainty tints commonly found to be ephemeral. They are used sparingly, their strong neighbors hold them up, and while the butterfly lives he sports his entire uniform.

The first vegetable growth of the year is also the first in order of the Creation. It grew before there was soil for real plants to grow in, almost before the tiniest fungus could make a living by itself, or the chains of little green cells came as though spontaneously in the water and on damp surfaces. The lichen is a partnership between these two futilities, combining the virtues of both, and far exceeding either in achievement. The fungus supplies the drought-resisting skeleton or a net to include the operatives that make its fortune. The fruit we suppose contains the seed of the exploiter, and the young lichen catches its own working algæ, and thus sets up a new house.

On the upright faces of stones fixed in the walls of houses or church, the lichen colonies flourish. For months they have slept entirely inconspicuous, their color the cold gray of the stones, but now they flush orange and purple and scarlet or silvery-white. The patches vary in size from shillings to dinner plates, and some of them may be fifty or a hundred years old, trees as venerable as the oak or the yew. Why they should celebrate the spring (if the very first lengthening of the days be spring) with such bright and complete colors, perhaps we shall never know. We can ask it of the dew-gray cup-lichen, whose rim is set with dazzling garnets, only visible to the pocket-lens. It is not good weather for festivities in orange and scarlet, but
The Nation.

Nature's workshops can turn out for the lichen colors as bright as any, warranted to stand rain and sun, frost and thaw—whatever the stone stands whereon they are painted.

The greens, whose myriad tints every week alters, and July will make all one, smother the undying reds of winter, the flushing stems of the cornel, the ever-glowing copper of the dead beech leaves, the iron-red of the plough lands. We have only enjoyed the purple of naked trees for a few weeks, for little more than a few days, and already the inner sap and the outer green is moving it away. The larch woods are no longer the same one day after another. The swelling of pear buds proves the brown envelopes too small, and slashes them with green. Plum trees already declare their white, though it is only the real blossoming time of the lowly snowdrop. Winter aconite and celandine are not designed in wearing colors, though the latter has a high glaze that laughs through soaking rain. They make haste to get their marrying done, then fade to white as they grow gawky, as though it was by stretching that they made the pigment thin. But just to show you what she can do, even in adversity, Nature sends us now the heaven-blue hepatica and lesser periwinkle. The first is a garden flower, though thoroughly at home and hardy as aconite, but the other is a true wildling. Its midsummer blue peeping from the hedge in full winter is the hallmark of steadfast courage.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S DEFENSE.

"The honor and self-respect of the nation are involved." That is President Wilson's reply to certain members of his own party who wanted to know what the rumors about a fresh crisis with Germany mean. We believe that it will command the assent and the

approval of the great majority of instructed Americans, whatever may be their political leanings. In the letter which he has addressed to the Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations Mr. Wilson argues, with a force and clearness which must appeal to

all, that the United States cannot acquiesce in the new undersea policy of the Central Powers without a shameful abandonment of the attitude she has hitherto maintained and of the principles on which it is based. He has done everything, he justly declares, to keep America out of the war. "But in any event," he adds, "our duty is clear."

Mr. Wilson utterly repudiates the suggestion, which appears to have found some favor with certain politicians, that the Republic should order her citizens not to sail in belligerent ships. He gives his reasons in a few short but pregnant sentences. To forbid Americans to exercise their undoubted rights, lest those rights should be violated and the Government should have to vindicate them, would be "a deep humiliation indeed." It would be more than a humiliation; it would be a wrong, for "it would be an implicit, and all but an explicit, acquiescence in the violation of the rights of mankind." It would be "a deliberate abdication" of the position which Mr. Wilson claims that America has hitherto taken up as spokesman of these rights and of the law which embodies them and consecrates them, and it would make all that his Government has attempted and all that it has achieved "meaningless and futile." Mr. Wilson believes that the whole fabric of international right would be

The Times.

endangered by any paltering with the German pretensions. He has consistently taken the ground that those pretensions—even when they were limited to the "war area"—are incompatible with the first principles of humanity, that this fact lifts the controversy out of the class of ordinary matters of diplomatic discussion, and that upon these principles America must stand. To that lofty moral attitude he remains immovably true. In words recalling the recent speech in which he declared that, much as Americans love peace, they love more "those ideals which are the staff of life for the soul," he now warns his fellow-citizens that what they are striving for is "of the very essence of things that made America a sovereign nation." They are things which she cannot yield "without making a virtual surrender of her independent position." She loves peace and ensues it. She will ensue it to the end, if she follows President Wilson, at any cost but one—the loss of honor. How far he will succeed in carrying with him the "uninformed provincial opinion," of which our Washington Correspondent speaks, in any contingencies that may arise, is a problem on which it might be injudicious, and even improper, to speculate. But, be the issue what it may, Mr. Wilson deserves the credit of standing manfully to his guns.

THE SAILORS AND SOLDIERS OF DICKENS.

It would be grossly exaggerative to say that Dickens invented soldiers and sailors; but certainly he did a great deal to humanize and popularize them.

Some years ago there was a symposium in a periodical whose name I have forgotten, in which certain authors were asked to give their opinion of Dickens. One of the contributors to this symposium was Mr. Cutcliffe

Hyne. I don't pretend to be able to recall his exact words, but I do remember that he was very scornful. I think he said that he could not read any of Dickens's novels, and looked upon the success of them with polite wonder. He was of course entitled, as everybody is, to voice his own lack of judgment; but his attitude struck me as the more unconsciously humorous

because, if there had never been a Captain Cuttle there would very likely have been no Captain Kettle, the little red skipper in the mercantile marine whose adventures are so familiar to magazine readers. There is, indeed, no superficial resemblance between them; but as Captain Cuttle's iron hook is to Captain Kettle's torpedo beard, so is his hard glazed hat to Captain Kettle's long black cheroot. In the droll misquotations of the one we have a fit corollary to the other's accordion playing. They are both, in their different ways, pious men: though here the grace and dignity of the original's simple faith compares strikingly well with the cant and rant of his prototype. The point is that in either case the character is built up of certain physical peculiarities and personal idiosyncrasies grafted on to a nature which is at one extreme noisy and violent, and at the other, gentle and strong. And that is what I mean when I say that Dickens humanized and popularized our modern conception of the ordinary sailor and soldier.

Before he introduced us in one of his earliest "Sketches" to that bluff old half-pay officer who completely effaced the name from a certain old lady's brass door-plate in his attempts to polish it with aqua-fortis, the general practice among authors was to depict sailors and soldiers in either heroic or abject guise. A possible exception to this rule was Corporal Trim in "*Tristram Shandy*," and there may be others I have overlooked; but surely none that so readily leap to the mind as Matthew Bagnet or Old Bill Barley.

As I have said elsewhere, Dickens was saturated with all manner of war lore, and yet—save in one instance presently to be cited—went out of his way to avoid description of a battlefield, just as he refrained from putting the heroism of sudden effort before the

day-to-day, hand-to-mouth heroism of the poor.

"'If you could have seen me, Mr. Pinch,' cried Montague Tigg on an historic occasion, 'at the head of my regiment on the coast of Africa, charging in the form of a hollow square, with the women and the children and the regimental plate-chest in the center, you would not have known me for the same man. You would have respected me, sir.'" "But," adds Dickens, "Tom had certain ideas of his own on the subject of glory, and consequently he was not quite so much excited by this picture as Mr. Tigg could have desired."

And Tom Pinch's ideas were Dickens's too.

We could do no less than take our part in this present horrible war that has been forced on us, but that war is a stupid and barbarous and altogether indefensible method of settling international or any other differences is one of those obvious truisms that no man possessed of such robust common-sense as that of Dickens could fail fully to realize. And so we find that not once, despite the temptations to do so, which, considering his upbringing, must continually have beset him, did Dickens apply his art in any way that could be construed into any sort of glorification of the soldier's calling. He knew full well that God is far more often than not on the side of the big battalions; and that there is more than a mere nuance of vulgarity, that there is a certain brutal wisdom, in fact, in the parodist's flippant addition to Shakespeare's line:—

Thrice armed is he that hath his
quarrel just . . .
But four times he who gets his blow
in fust.

And now for that exception I would cite in which Dickens did deliberately write a war-story: *The Story of Richard*

Doubledick. You will remember that this story forms part of Dickens's contribution to a *Household Words* Christmas Number, and was—if I may say so—something in the nature of a job that had to be done for certain very excellent reasons, rather than the spontaneous outcome of a genuine inspiration. *Richard Doubledick* reads like what it was, a pot-boiler. I am not denying that it is in its way a good and sincere piece of work. It is. It would have been creditable to any author; for it was not in Dickens's nature to write down, to prostitute his genius to any sordid end, or to give to his readers anything that was not as good as he could make it. Nevertheless this story seems to me, of all Dickens's stories, the least typical of his art. It is the only story to which he ever set his name that I can conceive as being written, and written as well, by somebody else. From beginning to end there is not one original character in it, there is nowhere the inimitable Dickens touch. Captain Taunton, Mrs. Taunton, his mother, Mary Marshall, Dick's betrothed, and Richard Doubledick himself are all alike lay figures. Compare the manner of the introductory and the concluding chapters with the manner of the story itself. The writing throughout is uniformly excellent; but the native qualities of tender humor and a sense of the picturesque which gild and refine Dickens's description of the Inn and his final leave-taking of the other Poor Travelers are almost altogether missing from his treatment of his main theme. And the reason for this, I think, is that for once in a way Dickens was only mildly interested and not, as usual, wholly absorbed in his theme. And the battle, the storming of the Badajos heights, the central incident upon which the story turns, with its infinite possibilities in the way of such impressionism as Dickens gave us in his scenes of riot and rapine in *Barnaby*

Rudge and *A Tale of Two Cities*; this Dickens shirks, as if his stomach revolted from the vivid horrors of his imagination. And then the moral of the story is not inherently germane to its subject. It is the beautiful old everyday moral of charity and forgiveness, embodying a point of view that in the very nature of things can have no possible place or justification in the cosmography of the battlefield. The truth would seem to be, then, that Dickens was working in an uncongenial as well as an unfamiliar medium, and so could do justice to his conscience only at the expense of his art.

One has only to set the sublimary Major Richard Doubledick side by side with the very human Major Jemmy Jackman or the very animal Major Joey Bagstock to perceive at once his wooden insipidity. For these other two Majors, essentially unlike as chalk from cheese, are nevertheless very much alike in that they do each represent a recognizable type of their order. But the type is recognizable only because Dickens created it. It is for just that reason that there are really only two kinds of Major, or a blend of those two kinds, in latter day books and plays; and one of them is always as inevitably Major Joey Bagstock as the other is inevitably Major Jemmy Jackman. Thackeray's Major Pen-dennis was the last of the old school of Majors: and he, as an exemplar, disappeared from the stage just as soon as ever Dickens's Major Bagstock appeared.

There are two other Majors to be found in Dickens's novels: Major Banks and Major Hannibal Chollop of the United States Militia, neither of whom is a Major at all, but only a minor character; there are innumerable Captains and Lieutenants, and three Colonels and two Generals; they are, Captain Adams—and, by the way, whenever Dickens is short of a handy name he

most often falls back on the first of all names, Adams: no less than four at least of his supernumeraries bearing that name—Captain Bailey, Captain Boldwig, Colonel Bulder, General Cyrus Choke, Colonel Chowser, Captain Dowler, General Fladdock, Colonel Groper, Captain Hawdon, Captain Helves, Captain Hopkins, Captain Kedgick, Lieutenant Slaughter, the Honorable Wilmot Snipe, Lieutenant Tapleton and Captain Taunton.

All these are more or less rag-and-sawdust officers, part of the general stock-in-trade of almost any novelist, as conventional and unconvincing, stiff and awkward, as a stage army. Captain Hawdon, it is true, has played his appointed part in the tragedy of Lady Dedlock, but that was before the story of *Bleak House* begins, and we are only shown him as a corpse.

Dickens's other soldiers are of the rank and file and include Joe Willet, the aforesaid Matthew Bagnet, Mr. George, and one French soldier, Corporal Theophile. But none of these stands out as in any way distinctive or typical. Dickens is obviously not in any deep sympathy with any of them. Indeed, in this connection, it might be said that he himself falls a victim to that very failing which he stigmatizes in *Little Dorrit*, and accepts accessories "in lieu of the internal character." Matthew Bagnet has his appropriate catch-phrase: "Discipline must be maintained"; Mr. George is of an athletic build; Joe Willet follows the example of most of Dickens's other heroes in knocking somebody down and running away; whilst Corporal Theophile is no more than a slick and clever piece of thumbnail portraiture. No. Dickens was not supremely interested in soldiers as soldiers. If they served his passing purpose, if they helped along his story, for the sake of variety, and because they needs must be represented in a general review of the

life of his time, he included soldiers in his gallery of human specimens even as nature has included them in hers.

Bagnet is, perhaps, his best achievement in this genre. In Bagnet we do glimpse the peculiar mindlessness of the soldier, induced by the routine of drill and a daily subjection to the first law of militarism which runs: "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die." And yet it may be that just inasmuch as he failed to endue his soldiers with any outstanding individuality such as would entitle them to rank as immortals with Bumble and Bill Sikes, so does he succeed in giving us the genuine article. For the worst sin that a soldier can be guilty of is originality. An army composed of units each with ideas of his own as to the proper conduct of a campaign and each resolved to carry out those ideas to their logical conclusion irrespective of the ideas of his comrades, and in spite of the word of command, would very soon land itself in irretrievable disaster. The best army is that body of men which in precision and cohesion of parts most resembles a machine; the best soldier is therefore he who approximates most nearly to the automatic functions of a spoke in a revolving wheel. So that the more colorless and shadowy a soldier appears, the more likely he is to be of the true color and substance of his kind.

Of sailors, Dickens draws only one full-length portrait in his books; and though I cannot say with Mr. Gilbert Chesterton that Captain Cuttle does not amuse me at all, I have to confess that it is not as a sailor that he amuses me, but as the living prototype of an old lady whom I once knew very intimately indeed. I have never met a sailor in the least like Captain Cuttle; but I have met many women like him, and one woman, as I say, who might have exchanged heart and soul with him, and neither of them been any

the wiser or less delightful. In Old Bill Barley, however, whom no one ever sees, who is only a voice in the distance, I do seem somehow to catch an echo of the sea. I have heard a whole chorus of such voices bellowing across the Pool, weaving their tortuous way at midnight through the giddy mazes of the Docks, or starring the gloom of Wapping High Street with their lurid blasphemies. Mr. Willoughby Matchett, in his essay lately appearing in these pages, says shrewdly enough that he "would describe Mr. W. W. Jacobs as rather of literary descent from Dickens than as directly under his influence," and then he says of Jacobs's seamen: "Schemers they are, practical jokers, plotters, fortune-hunters, artful dodgers, humbugs, philanderers, fools, bibbers of pints, and perverters of truth," and "though in effect Jacobs's characters are all comical figures, they are at the same time—bar a few love-sick couples—slightly unworthy figures; they have to be . . . Immoral they are not, but non-moral in the working out of their imbroglis they show themselves in a high degree. In their lower-class way they have all that hardness and sparkle that distinguish a set of characters from a comedy by Congreve." And that perhaps is why sailors are antipathetic to Dickens, whose art was never hard or sparkling, whose worst rogues have a sort of cozy humor about them, and for all their sinning are men you would very much like to meet in the flesh. I think that that was Dickens's chief difficulty. He pays a warm tribute to sailors in his *Uncommercial Traveler* paper on "Poor Mercantile Jack." But Dickens was born in the suburb of a seaport. Throughout his life the

The Dickensian.

river and the sea, with their denizens, had an ever-increasing fascination for him. He knew the sailor at his best and worst. At his best he tried to reveal him in the figure of Captain Cuttle, at his worst in the unseen presence of Old Bill Barley; and in either case he fakes his effects: in the one giving us a sublimation, and in the other a rollicking travesty, of the truth.

In his preface to *Bleak House* Dickens says: "I have purposely dwelt upon the romantic side of familiar things." Of his dealings with the navy and the army he might have said that he had dwelt—purposely or not—on the familiar side of romantic things. For soldiering and sailing, in one form or another, are the only two romantic callings left. I am aware that there are other callings in which the passion for romance may find ample vent; but in those callings the romantic elements are more or less incidental and not necessarily inherent. Dickens was one of the greatest of the romantics; and this because he did not seek his effects in any historic archives of chivalry or annals of heroism, but in the records of the humdrum and the commonplace which are written only in lines and wrinkles on tear-sodden faces. Thus the glory and the splendor, the horrors and terrors, the beauty and the ugliness of war, whether it be war on land or sea, and all its infinitude of dramatic possibilities such as Dickens again and again proved his power to seize and realize to the utmost; these spectacular things were foreign to the nature of his genius, even as those taking part in them—except as living sacrifices to a hideous Moloch—were outside the range of his sympathy.

Edwin Pugh.

GERMAN POETS AND THE WAR.

One of the most interesting and impartial of "neutral observers," ex-Senator Beveridge, not long ago assured the world that a great literary revival was taking place in Germany. When all the facts were known, he said, there would be general amazement at the greatness of the transformation brought about by the war. But many of the facts have come to light and, so far as one can see, they indicate nothing of an unexpected nature—nothing which might not have been prophesied by anyone with a fairly intimate knowledge of Germany and the Germans. Thus it was certain that there would be an enormously increased output of published poems; the Germans are a poetic race, and even in times of peace solemn academic journals devote a good deal of attention to scores of volumes of verse fit only to grace drawing-room tables. There is probably no country where more encouragement is given to the mediocre poet. So when we read, as a German critic lately asserted, that in the first month of the war 50,000 poems per day were written (though not all published) throughout the Empire, and in the first year over 6,000,000, we may stand aghast for a moment, but we are certainly not surprised.

It might also have been foreseen that the Germans would intensify their always abnormal race-consciousness to an extraordinary degree. This was the case in 1813, as it was in 1870; in the crisis of 1914 the same process was repeated. The average German is generally a most broad-minded cosmopolitan in his literary and artistic tastes; but at certain times this generous characteristic is liable, in the great bulk of the people, to give way to an exclusive chauvinism. And this has happened in Germany of today. Richard Dehmel, poet and humanitarian, has assumed a somewhat incongruous patriotism; so has Gerhart Hauptmann,

who was still more distinctively a social prophet. Rebel poets and dramatists, such as Wedekind and Ludwig Thoma, whose biting satire was so frequently directed against convention and authority, have suddenly become docile, sentimental lovers of the Fatherland; and certain Social Democratic artists, headed by the Whitmanian poet, novelist and playwright Arno Holz, have shown themselves capable of the wildest Jingoism. But the event which has caused the greatest satisfaction to all true German patriots is the apparent collapse—with a few important exceptions—of the whole Symbolist and Neo-Romantic movement. In the eyes of the ordinary German Imperialist there was always something essentially "undeutsch" in these schools of poetry; hence the delight which has been manifested at the so-called "conversion" of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Rainer Maria Rilke, Ernst Hardt, Franz Werfel, Richard Schaukal, and a dozen others not so well known. Frequently this much-acclaimed "Bekehrung" is nothing more than a general resolve to take life more seriously, implying no change in literary or imaginative ideals. A poet of the Hofmannsthal circle, for example, Rudolf Schröder, wrote some time ago in a private letter from the front,

My dear friend, let us solemnly promise, that the new time, if we live to see it, shall find us better men and truer, more brotherly, purer.

The chauvinist reviews—among which even periodicals like the *Neue Rundschau* are now to be reckoned—find it convenient to see in such declarations a sign that the Romanicists are returning to the "deutsche Art." The one important poet who has given them absolutely no reason for such a conclusion is Stefan George—and he is at present the most unpopular poet in Germany.

The poet who is most widely acclaimed today is undoubtedly Richard Dehmel. One can scarcely take up any periodical of the ordinary type without finding either a patriotic poem from his pen or some eulogistic reference to him. In the early days of the war, amidst vociferous applause, Dehmel volunteered to serve in the Landsturm—his age is fifty-one. But although the critics said that this marked the opening of a new creative period, none of the poems he sent back from the front, or of those he wrote before his departure, seems of any particular merit. Here we find echoes of Arndt and the usual commonplaces—"death's hour," "heroic mind," "Not" rhyming with "God" and "Held" with "Feld." Possibly it is to this assumption of Arndt's mantle that a great deal of his popularity is due. Arndt, the poet of the glorious days of 1813, still wields an immense influence in Germany. In the eyes of a public inclined to overlook commonplace and a certain prosiness so long as the verse has a good rhythm, and is impeccable in its patriotism, this following of the "echt deutsch" tradition, together with an undoubted lyrical gift, may easily make Dehmel the foremost war-poet of Germany. The best poem of his collection is the "Song to all" (*Lied an alle*):

One fiery will in its clearness hovers
Over the powder and dust and smoke;
Not for life, oh, not for life,
Are men fighting the battle of life;
Death always comes—
Death divine!

Ernst Lissauer, who, on the whole, stands next to Dehmel in popularity, is a far less talented poet. A year or two ago he published a volume of war-poems entitled "1813," and in consequence he is now being hailed as a prophet. But he never enjoyed a really wide reputation until, one day early in the war, he woke up, like Byron, to find himself famous and his

Hymn of Hate against England on every German lip. Recently he seems to have spoken with modesty concerning his achievement, as if in deference to the many protests from neutrals and milder-mannered Germans; but the fact cannot be concealed that for a few months the *Hassgesang gegen England* was heard all over Germany, and that, moreover, several reputable critics praised it as the zenith—the "Höhepunkt"—of his poetical achievement. They were right. Whatever we may think of the moral sentiments which inspired him, we cannot deny praise to Lissauer for having written a really original patriotic poem, refreshingly free from the outworn Arndt and Geibel tradition. Apart from this masterpiece, Lissauer has done little. He has written an ode to "Germany's outposts," poor, neglected Heligoland, another verse-attack on the arch-enemy, called *England Dreams* (*England traumt*), and a poem entitled "Leaders" (*Führer*), which invokes Luther, Bach, Kant, Schiller, Beethoven, Goethe, and Bismarck. But all these other poems by Lissauer are weak and lifeless in comparison with the *Hymn of Hate*.

Many of the best German war-poems have been written by men in the fighting line. Their work often seems deeper and more serious, even more artistically sincere, than the so-called "Schreibtischlyrik"—we might say "armchair poetry"—of Dehmel and the rest. The point of view of most of them is well put by the volunteer poet Bruno Frank, in one of his "War-Strophes" (*Strophen im Krieg*):

We have hated war:
To us it was the nightmare of the world;
Alone we bear the load now,
That eternal peace may come.

In the first few months the war was celebrated by the poets—especially those excused from service—with plenty of gusto and facile patriotism. But

such an opinion as I have just quoted was later put forward by very many young poets, all of whom, whether in the army or not, stood in various degrees of aloofness from the general patriotic madness. Among these young artists who preferred emphasizing the realities of war to boasting their "Vaterlandsliebe" two are particularly prominent—Walther Heymann and Wilhelm Klemm. The first was a volunteer; he was killed on January 9th in a night attack at Soissons. A marked sobering effect was produced by the publication of his poems and letters from the front which are worth attention less for their literary merit than for the insight they give into the mind of this typical young intellectual in his attitude to the war. Wilhelm Klemm is a doctor on the Russian front. His poems, considered purely as literature, are superior to Heymann's; they have been compared with Whitman's "Drum-taps," and the comparison is scarcely over-praise.

Klemm's poems appeared in the vigorous periodical *Die Aktion*, which has been doing much, together with Wilhelm Herzog's *Forum* and René Schickel's *Die Weissen Blätter*, to protest against the almost universal outcry against French culture. Herzog, who generally combines the functions of editor and sole contributor, is certainly no pacifist; he seems to consider Heinrich von Kleist as the highest type of German. But he sees the danger, to which Germany is now particularly exposed, of being cut off from all European culture, and his many articles on this subject should have an excellent effect. *Die Aktion* goes much farther—one of the most significant things it has done has been to publish a special number in memory of the French poet Charles Péguy.

The New Statesman.

René Schickel is one of a group of German Alsatian poets all of whom are in close touch with modern French literary movements. His friend and co-worker, Ernst Stadler, who lived in Brussels, and did more than anyone to bring home to Germans the value of contemporary French culture, was unfortunately killed on the Western front. But Schickel himself is still at home, editing *Die Weissen Blätter*, publishing his own Maeterlinckian poems, together with translations from modern French poets, ridiculing the noisy so-called "intellectuals" and beginning, in his own words, "the work of reconstruction, of helping to prepare for a victory of the spirit."

Stefan George, almost alone among the older poets of established reputation, is carrying out the same thankless task with his well-known *Blätter für die Kunst*. Last January, he, together with Karl Wolfskehl, brought out an edition of this periodical containing one hundred and fifty pages of their poems, but no reference to the war, except in a note at the end which stated their reasons for disregarding the war, and characterized the bulk of the war-poems as "sing-song." The chief value of the volume to students of literature is that in it George may be seen reaching out after a neo-Hellenism touched by modern influences; one of his poems *Hyperion*, may be compared with Hölderlin on the one hand and Henri de Régnier on the other. But apart from this, there is the fact that George represents a body of German poets and artists, larger perhaps than we have been allowed to know, who are in some way a guarantee that not all the ties of culture will be broken, and that, in the realms of the imagination and the intellect, there need be no war, at least no war of "blood and iron."

Alec W. G. Randall.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Geraldine Farrar's autobiography—If that is not too portentous a title to apply to a volume of but a trifle more than one hundred pages of modest size—has already been published serially, and now appears from the press of the Houghton Mifflin Company with the title "Geraldine Farrar: The Story of an American Singer, by Herself." It begins with her first appearance as a singer, at a church concert, at the tender age of three, and carries her through her many triumphs in this country and in Europe, down to the present time. It is written with the naive and buoyant self-confidence which has been one of her professional assets. Her experiences abroad were especially enlivening. She attracted the favorable notice of the Kaiser at Berlin; was apparently more flattered than annoyed by newspaper reports of the special attentions of the Crown Prince, and speaks casually of King Oscar of Sweden as "a perfect darling." Her career affords numerous illustrations of what she describes as "Farrar's luck." The book ends with a footnote, recording her recent marriage. Some of the pleasantest passages in the narrative are those which dwell affectionately upon the wise and loving care of her mother and the help given her by her early teachers in Melrose and Boston. There are forty or more full-page illustrations, most of them portraits.

A thoroughly characteristic specimen of the fiction of our day is "John Bogardus," by George Agnew Chamberlain, whose serial "Home" attracted considerable attention when it ran anonymously through *The Century Magazine*. A psychological study rather than a novel, this later work concerns itself with the development—intellectual and erotic—of the son of a

professor of Romance Languages, who is sent at the age of twelve for ten years of study and travel, with a view to his father's chair. To the young fellow of twenty-two the round of class-room work is intolerable, and he gives it up after a year, choosing "to live rather than to earn a living," and being aided in this high resolve by a small property inherited from his mother. Years of wandering follow—many of them spent as a seaman in the southern oceans. Four different feminine influences figure in the story, and a miscellany of others is hinted at. In the concluding section of the book, Bogardus returns to his own country, establishes himself in a remote bungalow on the New Jersey shore companioned by an actress with a past on a par with his own, and plunges into literary work. The horror of the European crisis rouses him; he breaks with the actress, and publishes a series of essays of such marvelous and compelling insight that the old dean of his college offers him the "social chair." The story ends with the opening sentence of his first lecture—"Gentlemen, I come to you as an apostle." Crude as the plot is, and unsavory in many of its incidents, one cannot deny to the book a certain hectic brilliancy. The Century Co.

It is the story of a dashing young Virginian with a hereditary taste for drink that Sally Nelson Robins tells in "A Man's Reach," carrying it back to the anxious mother who hopes for her husband's regeneration by the birth of their child, then forward through boyhood's sports, the problems of adolescence, romance, University days, an opening law practice, excesses, and rapid deterioration. Its heroine is a piquant little heiress who essays her lover's cure during a three weeks'

visit to her father's fine old manor by counter-suggestion. The plot is full of incident, and concludes with a murder trial, in which the hero, proving his restored powers, defends an intrepid young preacher whose zeal for social service has imperiled his reputation and his life. J. B. Lippincott Co.

S. G. Tallentyre has rightly thought the present a good time to translate from the French of Paul and Victor Margueritte the story of "Strasbourg: an Episode of the Franco-German War" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is a story based upon the experiences of the people of Strasbourg when the Germans bombarded the city, and the German commander refused permission to the women and children to leave, on the ground that "the weak point of the fortifications of strong places is the suffering of the inhabitants, who are exposed without protection to the bullets of the enemy." This was an anticipation, by forty-five years, of the present doctrine of "frightfulness." The personal elements in the story are full of interest, culminating in the separation of a betrothed pair, because patriotic feeling bound one to France and the other to Alsace.

A novel of unusual promise is "The Conquest," by Sidney L. Nyburg. Its central figure, John Howard, is a young lawyer of great natural ability, who concentrates all his strength of mind and will on the purpose to become a financier. Parting from the girl he loves at the moment when he has just achieved an income on which he can marry her, because he feels in her a nature whose generous sympathies would always weaken his resolution, he offers himself, a few years later, to the daughter of a magnate, whose influence in a sudden crisis of his affairs is indispensable to him, and is accepted. His earlier love re-enters the story in its

closing chapters, as a doctor and settlement-worker, and through her the problem of labor and capital is presented from a new standpoint. From beginning to end, the book is a study of character as affected by and affecting present-day conditions, and the simplicity of the plot adds to the force of the impression made. Mr. Nyburg's skill in dialogue is not yet equal to his talent for presenting legal and ethical problems, but he has given us a story decidedly out of the ordinary. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Robert Herrick's "The World Decision" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is a brilliant piece of writing. That goes without saying, for it is not in Mr. Herrick to write a dull book. But it is a good deal more than that. It is a spirited and sympathetic portrayal of actual conditions, as he watched their development last year in Italy and France: in Italy, in the months of hesitation before the plunge was taken, the conflicting counsels of the politicians and the people, the prolonged dickering with German diplomacy, the swift and silent mobilization, the awakening of the national conscience, the final decision; and in France, especially in Paris, during the eventful months of last summer. Following these, in a third and concluding section, are awakening and warning words regarding the American attitude, the short-sighted absorption in material gains, and the possible perils of the near future. Altogether, this is a stirring and absorbing book.

"Patience Worth" (Henry Holt & Co.) is accurately described as "a psychic mystery," for it records communications reported as being made through the medium of a ouija board—the equivalent of the planchette so much in vogue a generation ago. These communications are recorded as proceeding from a mysterious personality

calling herself Patience Worth, whose language and manner of expression suggest seventeenth-century England. They are made, or are recorded as being made, to a little group of well-known people in St. Louis; and Casper S. Yost, editorial director of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, whose name appears on the title-page, claims to be nothing more than an amanuensis, taking down the messages and sifting from them those that seemed most characteristic and important. They cover a wide range in prose and verse, conversations, dramas, lyrics and narrative poems, maxims, epigrams and allegories. The phrases are often ingeniously turned, and there is not infrequently a beauty of thought and form which separates them widely from the alleged revelations of spiritualism. Psychic students and investigators will find them interesting and baffling material.

It is some fifteen years since Dr. George Thomas White Patrick of the State University of Iowa, published the first of the essays contained in "The Psychology of Relaxation," and in the intervening period, nearly all of them have been remodeled until they make a little volume of perfect unity, although varied in subject. "Play, Laughter, Profanity, Alcohol, War," cries one, running over the chapter titles: "What is the link in their psychology?" Roughly speaking, modern man regards all of them occasionally as necessary to his pleasure, but the loud laugh shows the vacant mind and it is the fool that deliberately takes his Maker's name in vain. On the other hand, it is illogical to refer the occasional crazes for this or that pastime entirely to "frivolity," and in passing, it may be said that a Boy Scout is supposed to be preparing to be a better citizen, not to

be amusing himself, and should be praised. As Dr. Patrick pursues his argument, one perceives that he finds the remedy for modern errors in wise reformation of the popular mind, in effecting gradual change in its ideals, and in steadfast adoption of Aristotle's "mean." He is tolerant but not flaccid, and his book can displease nobody but the indolent and the intolerant. It calls to every reader, "Arise and in every way reform yourself first and so suggest reform to others," and in this it follows the Great Teacher. The reader who brings an open mind to its perusal will discover that it is as salutary in doctrine as it is interesting. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

Eric Fisher Wood, whose "Note-Book of an Attaché" was one of the most vivid and authoritative of last year's war books, now follows it with a small volume entitled, "The Writing on the Wall" (The Century Co.) in which he makes a graphic presentation of the risks attending the American policy of unpreparedness. During the months of his service in the war-swept countries of Europe and his close association with diplomatists and military commanders, he was at pains to gather information and opinions regarding the position of the United States, and, before publishing the present volume he submitted his facts and conclusions to prominent military and naval officers of the United States, whose official positions forced them to reticence, but who appreciate, as civilians cannot, the real peril of the existing conditions. Mr. Wood's book, therefore, is no ill-considered note of an alarmist, but the serious warning of one who has lately witnessed the horrors of war, and has been in a position to study the causes which led up to it. The book is illustrated with a dozen photographs and maps.